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JANUARY 1996

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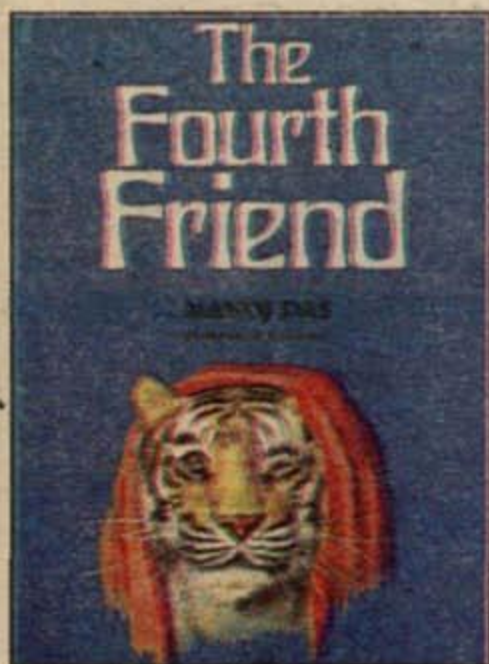
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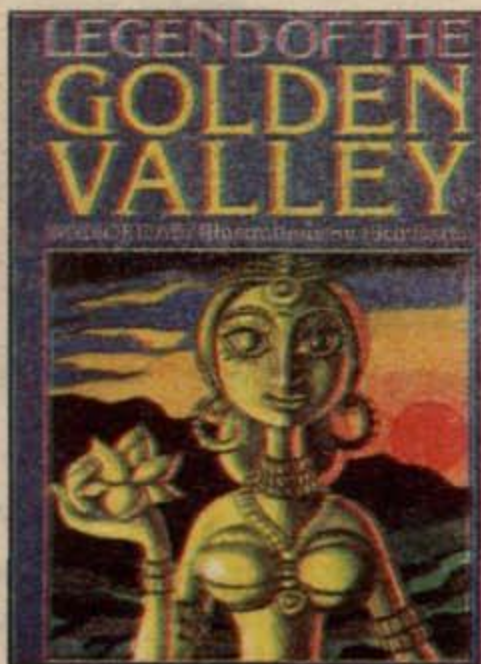
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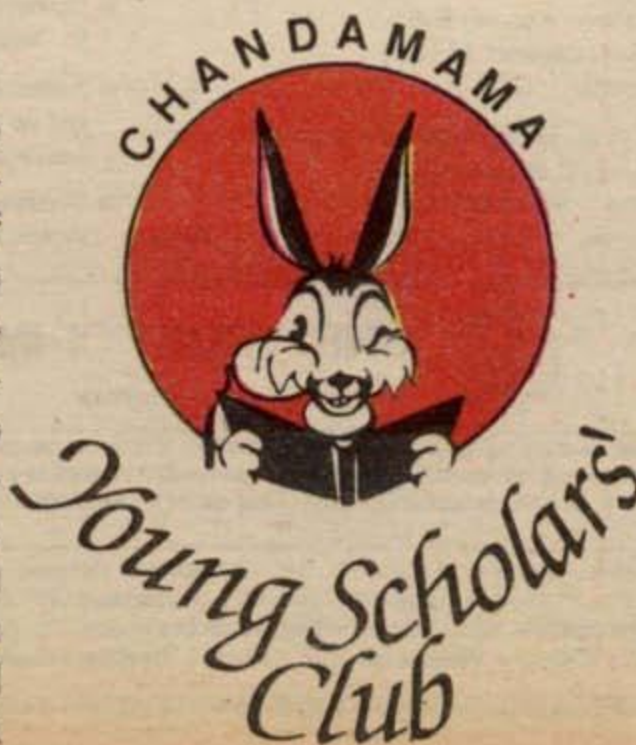
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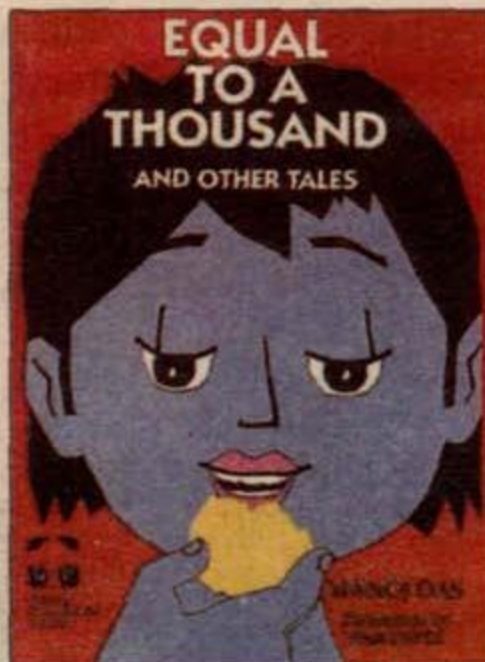


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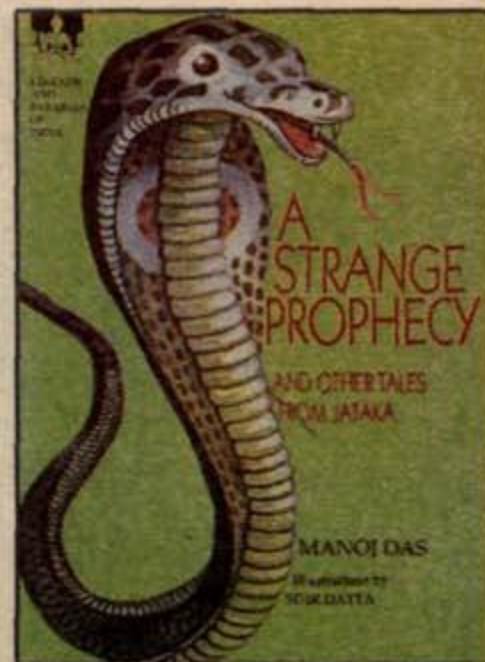
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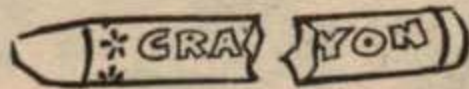
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
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# CHANDAMAMA

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## NEXT ISSUE

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**SWEET AND SOUR :** A wedding ceremony is to take place in a temple in Palanpur. A convoy of six carts start from the neighbouring village for the town. The vehicles carry the bridegroom's family and their friends. The last cart has special delicacies meant for the party and the cooks and bearers to serve the food. Suddenly, one of the cooks remembers that they have not taken the basket of *laddoos* left in the kitchen. One of the bearers accepts the offer of an extra wage to run home and collect the basket and run back to the cart through a short-cut. He does that, but on his way back, he meets with a strange experience. Is the sweetmeat served at the marriage party? The titillating title provides the answer.

**KALADHARAN :** He is no Sindbad, but the young man sets out on a voyage in a merchant ship, which encounters a cyclone. Most of the passengers lose their lives. Kaladharan swims to the nearest shore. It is an island full of coconut trees. He climbs on to one and surveys the surroundings. What does he see, except wild pigs which come in herds from the sea? He must escape. He climbs down and as he goes past an animal, he finds a bright diamond nearby. The pig must have brought it from the sea. How to take it without waking up the pig?

PLUS the pull-out **A JOURNEY ALONG THE COAST**, **PANCHATANTRA** in glorious colour, **CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT**, and all other regular features.

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Founder  
CHAKRAPANI



Controlling Editor :  
NAGI REDDI

## A pause before another century

Let us think of a new century, rather than a new year. In another four years, the world will bid good-bye to the 20th century and usher in the next one. It may be too early for the countdown, but people in general are already getting ready to greet the 21st century, with the expectation that the years after December 31, 1999 are going to give them more prosperity and a greater amount of peace.

The fading century has witnessed two World Wars. They were called 'world' wars, because almost all the nations of the world were either directly involved or indirectly affected.

When the First World War(1914-18) broke out, our country was under British rule. India sent soldiers to those countries where Britain was engaged in fighting. In battles, loss of lives is inevitable. In the Second War(1939-45), too, India lost many lives while fighting for the British.

Within the country, people other than soldiers were fighting with the British rulers. From the turn of the present century, the people of India began clamouring for freedom from colonial rule. The agitation gathered momentum after the people found their leader in Gandhiji in the twenties. What happened during the fight for independence in the twenties, thirties, and forties is known to every Indian.

Independence came to us almost half a century ago. In these 50 years, the people have nourished the democratic way of life they had cherished for. India is often described as the largest democracy. However, people point out that nearly one-third of the population is still poor, and more than half is steeped in illiteracy. Will the next century bring down the percentage of poverty-ridden people and the illiterate?

Our New Year resolution for the next four years should be to eradicate these two maladies.

*Chandamama wishes all its readers  
a very happy New Year*





# HONESTY

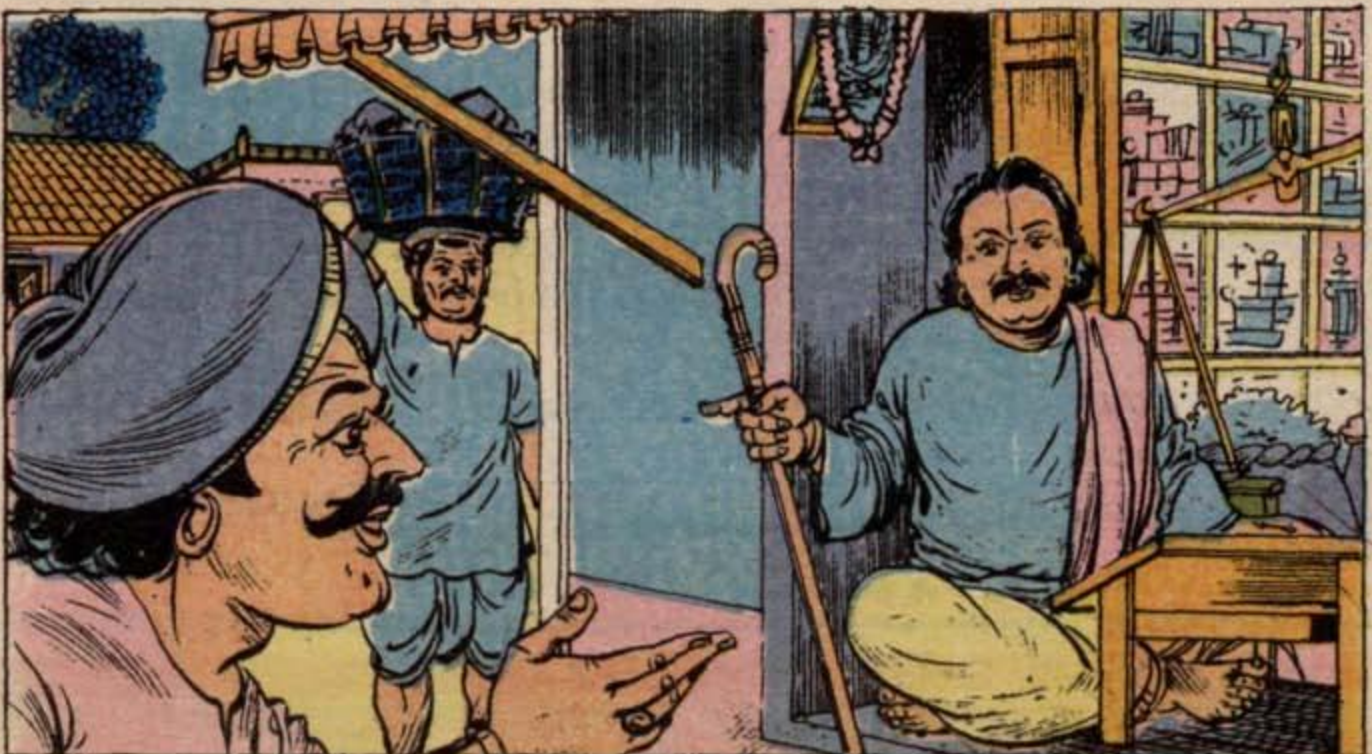
Shankar was sitting on the verandah when his wife Shankari came out and told him, "I need a few things for the kitchen; here's a list. Please get them from the grocer's."

He left for the market along with his servant, who carried a basket and some bags. There was no particular need, but Shankar carried his walking stick. Who knows, it might not come in handy in an emergency.

He dropped in at a few shops to collect whatever was mentioned in the list. The servant put them in different bags and placed them in the big basket that he carried. They were on their way home, and had gone only a short distance when Shankar realised that he did not have the walking stick with him. He could not remember where he had left it. He went back to the shops one after the other. The shopowners said, "No, you didn't leave it here." At last, he went to the shop where he had gone finally. The shopkeeper took it from a corner. "This is your stick, isn't it? I knew you would come back for it."

"You're the only honest shopkeeper in this market," remarked Shankar. "At every other shop, nobody said the stick was there. And they didn't give me my stick!"

The shopkeeper had a stupefied look on his face. Who was really honest?





# SPORTS

YESTERDAY  
TODAY  
TOMORROW

## Record Partnership

Capt. B.B. Nimbalkar's is a name to conjure with in the world of cricket. He never played a Test match, but was once the record holder for the highest second wicket partnership of 455 runs in first class cricket. In 1948, he was playing for Maharashtra when he scored 443 not out. If the rival team, Saurashtra, had not abandoned the match, he might have beaten Bradman's record of 452. However, his total is even now the record for the highest individual score for an Indian player. Capt. Nimbalkar, whose 77th birthday was celebrated on December 13, is the only Indian cricketer who represented six States during his cricketing career spanning nearly 30 years.

## Golden Ball

George Via is from Liberia, and plays for A.C. Milan, the leading football club in Italy. This striker has been selected by the French football magazine "French Football", to receive this year's "Golden Football" for the best player among European footballers. The 29-year-old player once played for Cameroon and



Monaco, before he switched to the French club, Paris St. German. George topped in voting among football reporters.

## World Cup

The World Cup soccer tournament will take place only in 1998. But the qualifying rounds will be played from now. As many as 172 nations are vying for 30 of the 32 places in the finals to be held in France in June-July that year. The host nation, France, and the reigning champion, Brazil, have already qualified. India, Sri Lanka, Philippines, and Qatar are in the Asia Group. There are 49 teams from Europe alone. Incidentally, Japan is likely to be chosen as the host country for the World Cup to be played in 2002 A.D.





THE FIEND COMES EVERY DAY AT THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT. HIS VISITS MUST BE PUT AN END TO



THE FOOLISH SPIRIT HEARS THIS...



WHO'S THIS TWILIGHT? ANOTHER LOVER?



I SHALL TAKE THE FORM OF A HORSE AND WAIT FOR HIM IN THE STABLE.



AFTER SOME TIME, A THIEF ENTERS THE STABLE AND SEES THIS HORSE...



I'M LUCKY, THERE'S NOBODY IN SIGHT.



SLOWLY HE APPROACHES THE HORSES...

THIS HORSE LOOKS FINE. IT'LL FETCH A GOOD PRICE.



I THINK HE'S THE OTHER LOVER!



HE MOUNTS THE HORSE AND RIDES OUT. THE SPIRIT, IN THE FORM OF A HORSE, THINKS...



MY GOD! THIS RIDER MUST BE TWILIGHT, THE OTHER LOVER.

SURE, HE'S OUT TO KILL ME!



WHAT KIND OF A HORSE IS THIS? HE SEEMS TO BE A DEVIL.



The possession of that goodness, which is called the goodness of speech, is for others better than any other goodness.

—Thirukkural





THE HORSE RUNS AT A TERRIFIC SPEED AND HE IS UNABLE TO CONTROL IT.



HE WHIPS ME LIKE HELL, HOW CAN I GET RID OF HIM?



HE MUST BE SOME EVIL SPIRIT.... HOW DO I STOP HIM?



MERCIFUL GOD! SAVE ME FROM THIS SPIRIT!



AT THIS JUNCTURE THE THIEF CATCHES HOLD OF A TREE.



I'M LUCKY TO GET A HOLD ON THIS TREE!



I'M FREE! I MUST RUN AWAY FROM THIS DEVIL RIDER!



A MONKEY, SITTING ON THE TREE, SEES ALL THIS. HE IS A FRIEND OF THE FIEND.

STOP, STOP! MY FRIEND!



MY FRIEND, WHY HAVE YOU TAKEN THIS FORM?



WHY DO YOU RUN AWAY FROM A MERE MAN? EAT



ON HEARING THESE WORDS, THE SPIRIT ASSUMES HIS NATURAL FORM AND RETURNS.



Accumulate wealth; it will destroy the arrogance of your enemies. There is no sharper weapon than wealth.





MEANWHILE THE THIEF THINKS, IF HE WON'T ACT IMMEDIATELY, THE FIEND WILL KILL HIM.

THIS MONKEY HAS NO BUSINESS TO INTERFERE LIKE THIS.

AH! THAT'S FINE! AHHAHA

I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!

THE ANGRY THIEF GRABS THE MONKEY'S TAIL AND BITES HARD...

OH HO! OH! I'M FINISHED!

NOW SEE HOW POWERFUL HE IS

HOW HE CHEWS YOUR TAIL!

I MUST RUN AWAY FROM HERE!

THE WHEEL-BEARER CONCLUDES THE STORY THUS...

THE FOOLISH FIEND WAS DECEIVED BY THE MONKEY'S FACE...

...AND THOUGHT THE THIEF WAS MIGHTIER THAN HIMSELF. HE FLED IN FRIGHT.

MY FRIEND! I SIMPLY CAN'T SEE THE PAINFUL EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE. GOOD-BYE!

He who denies the existence of what the world believes in will be regarded as a demon on earth.





PRAY DON'T LEAVE ME IN THIS PLIGHT.

NO ONE CAN HELP YOU. ONE MUST SUFFER FOR HIS THOUGHTLESS



NO, IT'S FATE THAT DECIDES ONE'S FORTUNES.



HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE STORY OF

PLEASE TELL ME!



ONCE THERE LIVED A KING NAMED MADHUSENA. A DAUGHTER WAS BORN TO HIM. SHE HAD A HORN ON HER FOREHEAD.



THE KING IS HORRIFIED AND SUMMONS HIS MINISTER FOR ADVICE.

IT'S A MISFORTUNE TO HAVE A DAUGHTER LIKE HER. WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?



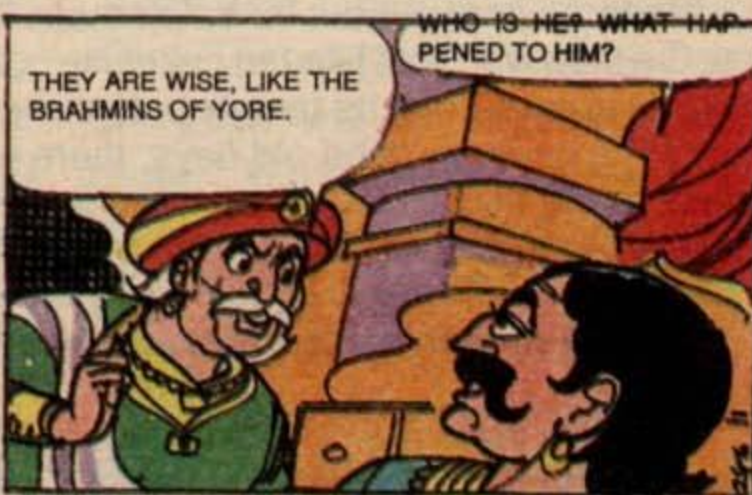
SHALL WE PUT AN END TO HER LIFE? OR...



WE SHOULD NOT ACT IN HASTE. LET'S TAKE THE ADVICE OF OUR PRIESTS.



THEY ARE WISE, LIKE THE BRAHMINS OF YORE.



WHO IS HE? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

The great hide the faults of others;  
the base alone divulge them.



## **The dot that matters**

**What is the meaning of 'dot one's i's and cross one's t's'? What is the significance?**

**—Krishna Ch. Behera, Siarimalia, Orissa**

Consider this statement: *They would dot the i's and cross the t's before signing the agreement.* That shows the people concerned will meticulously deal with even small details before something is completely finalised. Try writing something *without* dotting the i and crossing the t. Your friend may not properly read what you have written! It simply means - to be precise in every detail.

**What is the meaning of 'polarisation' when used in politics?**

**—Geeta Kamal, Bangalore**

When an idea, project, or scheme results in a break up into two opposing factions, it is called 'polarisation'. Like the North Pole and South Pole, which are called opposite poles, the opposing factions hold divergent viewpoints and cannot be brought together for a common approach to the problem. The Opposition in a democratic set-up, which may comprise more than one party, normally looks for an opportunity to pull up the ruling party. And when an opportunity arises to criticise the government, the Opposition parties may hold different views and will not be able to come to an understanding about a common approach. That is polarisation.

**In what context is the idiom "sell like hot cakes" used?**

**—Bidyut Kumar Nayak, Bankura, West Bengal**

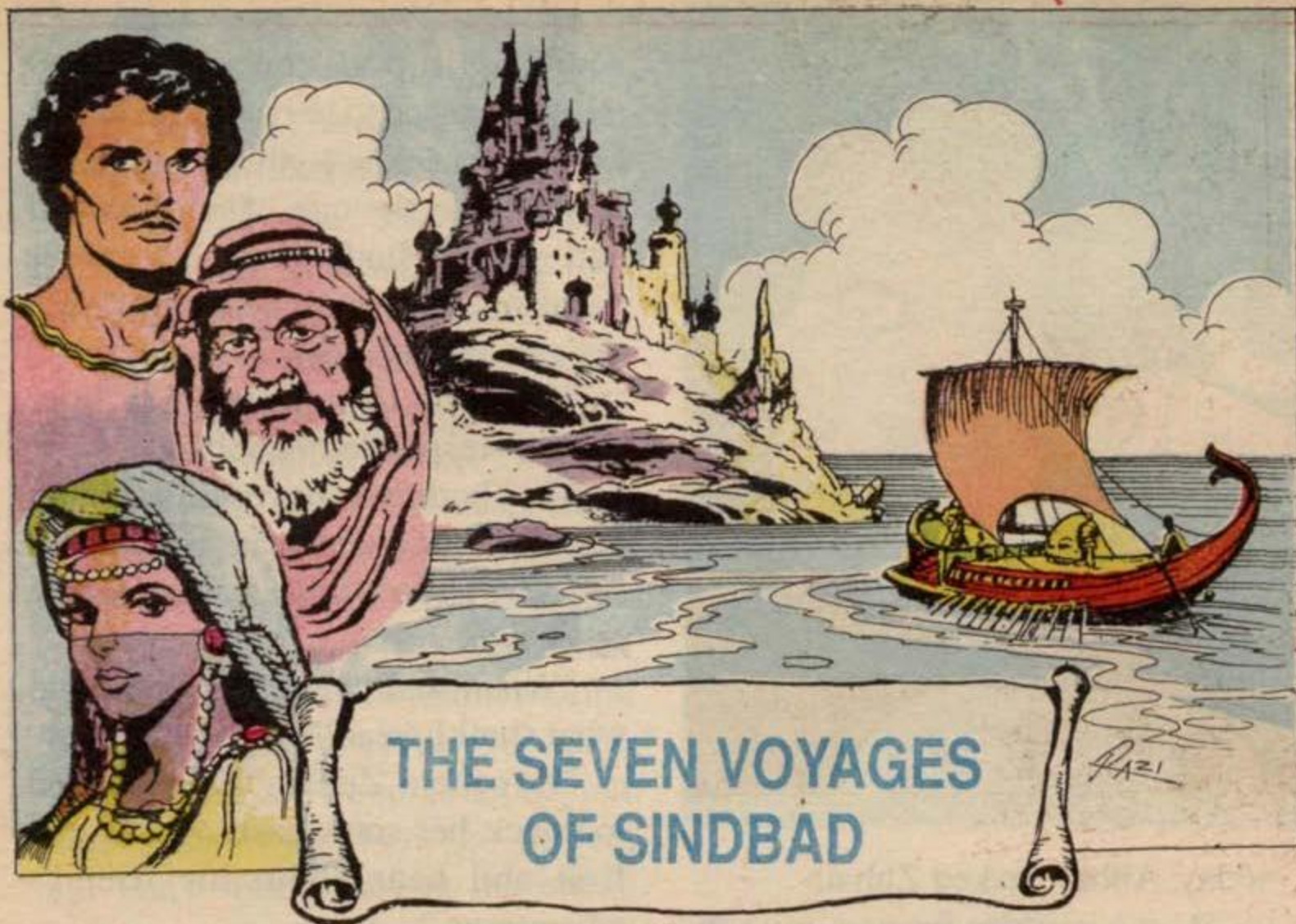
When an item put out for sale meets with great demand and is sold off fast, we say the item was sold like hot cakes. In cold countries, a hot bread, hot bun, or a hot cake is quickly sold, as people prefer them hot and often wait for them to be taken out of the oven. In good old days, there were no hot cases, like we have today, in which these things could be stored and sold whenever the customers turned up. When an item is newly introduced, backed up with publicity, we say it will "go" like hot cakes.

**What is meant by "a white elephant"?**

**—P. Parameswar, Kusum Kuhuri**

In reality, there are no *white* elephants, which are all of the same colour, unless there is a rare albino (a person or animal with an abnormally white skin or hair) among them. It is believed that the King of Siam (now called Thailand) used to gift an elephant to any courtier who had earned his ill-will or wrath, just to slight him or ruin him. Apparently it would look like an onerous or honourable gift, but the recipient would find it an inconvenient gift and difficult to maintain. It was thus a white elephant—something that gave more trouble than its worth. Consider this: *"When he bought the huge house, he did not know it would turn out to be a white elephant."*





**O**n his way home, Hindbad took hurried steps. He was eager to reach his family quick, especially because he had a message for his son.

It was his daughter Zohra who greeted him at the door. "Abba, what did your friend give you today?"

Hindbad posed as if he had not heard her. "Where's Zuhair?"

"Why? Have you brought something for him?" There was a tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"He was at the doorstep waiting for you all the while. Then he went to

sleep. Shall I wake him up?"

By then Zubeida joined the two of them. "Zohra, go and wake up Zuhair." She then led her husband to their room. "Why did you ask for him?"

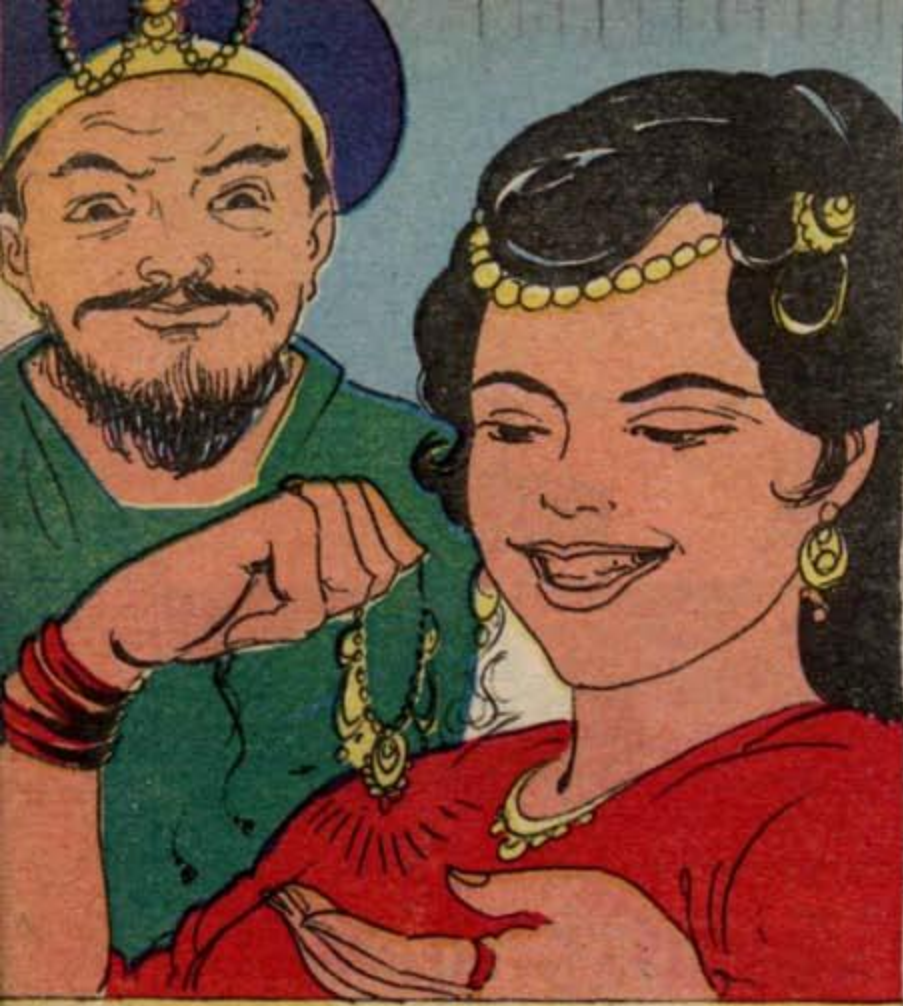
"Oh! He'll go with me tomorrow," said Hindbad. "Sindbad has agreed to meet him. I shall myself tell him."

"He'll be quite excited, too excited to go to sleep again!" said Zubeida with a smile.

By the time Hindbad changed clothes, Zohra and Zuhair appeared before him. "Why were you so late







today, Abba?" asked Zuhair.

"I've a surprise for you, my son," replied Hindbad, taking the boy's hands in his. "Sindbad will meet you!"

"That's really great of the sailor!" remarked Zuhair. "But when?" He could not control his excitement.

"Tomorrow. Come, let's eat," said Hindbad, "and while we eat, I shall tell you what he told me."

"But didn't he give you anything today, Abba?" Zohra insisted on knowing.

"Here!" He gave her the velvet bag. "Open it, and let's see what it contains. I haven't seen it myself."

Zohra opened the bag carefully

and turned it upside down and emptied the contents on to her palm, on which lay a pearl necklace—this time smaller in size than the one which Sindbad had given Hindbad on an earlier occasion. "This must be for me!" said the girl, confidently.

"Show it to your mother first, Zohra," responded Hindbad.

They both then moved to the dining hall and sat down to eat. Mother and son were already there waiting for the other two.

"When shall we start, Abba? And what shall I wear?" queried Zuhair.

"Be patient, Zuhair," Zubeida tried to check her son's haste. "Let's eat, first and hear about his friend's adventures."

Hindbad then recounted all that Sindbad had said about his sixth voyage, how he became a friend of the King of Serendib and what gifts he carried from the king to the Caliph of Baghdad. "He must be equally a good friend of the Caliph. I really feel sorry that I once harboured an ill-will against him for flaunting his wealth and not caring for his less fortunate brethren."

"You must be grateful to him for having come to our help, even without asking whether we're in need of such help," said Zubeida. "Thanks to your



friend, you don't have to go for work and slave for others."

"True, Zubeida," said the porter, heaving a sigh of relief. "I must find a way to express my gratitude to him."

"Abba, you didn't tell me whether I can keep this necklace for myself," Zohra reminded her father.

"And you didn't tell me what I should wear when I go to your friend's residence," this came from Zuhair.

"You may keep the neckalce, Zohra," said Zubeida without waiting for her husband to reveal his mind.

"And, Zuhair, we'll decide about your clothes tomorrow. Now go to bed, and don't start counting the sheep jumping over the fence!" Zubeida was in full command. She wanted her husband to get as much rest as possible before he went to meet his friend the next day.

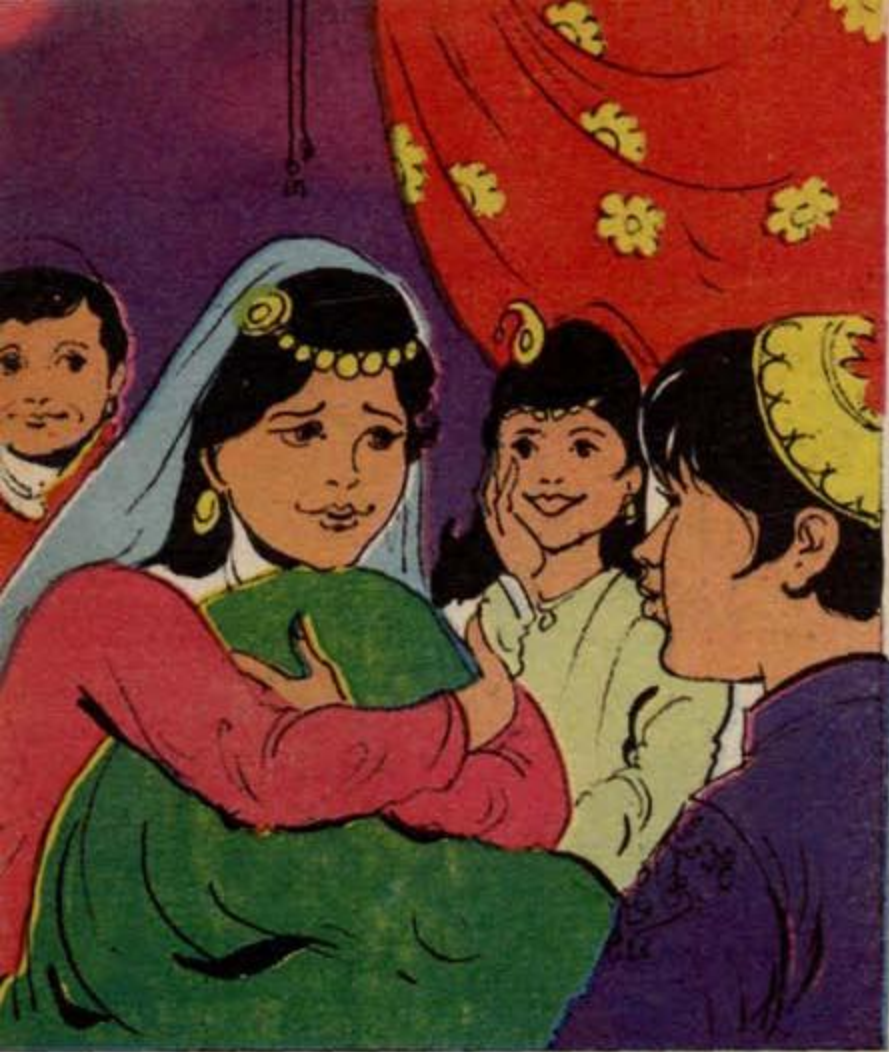
On the following day, Zuhair was restless till his parents chose his dress for the great event. As they wended their way to their meeting with Sindbad, father and son discussed at what stage Zuhair would be presented to the famous sailor and how he should answer the questions put to him. "Mind you, you should not ask for anything. But if he were to give you something, take it and express your gratitude," Hindbad instructed his son.



"You wait outside till I announce your presence and he asks for you. I shall then come and take you inside."

Surprise awaited them at the gate itself. The gatekeeper outside opened the gate as soon as he saw Hindbad. Father and son entered when the gatekeeper inside took over, as usual. But instead of the porch where Hindbad used to wait till he was called in, the guard took them past the porch and the room leading to the dining hall. He turned to his left and took them through a passage to another spacious hall. Two persons were already there – no, none of Sindbad's friends. There was a boy about





years old and a girl nearing twelve. The moment they saw Zuhair, they came forward to greet him. They caught hold of a hand each and led Zuhair to a corner where the three sat down on mattresses and cushions spread on the floor.

"They're our master's children," explained the guard to Hindbad. "Master is waiting for you in the porch. Some of his friends have already arrived." He turned around and walked towards the porch.

"Ah! My good friend, Hindbad!" Sindbad stood up and greeted him with a hug. "Let your son play with the children; they'll look after him."

"Your children? But you never..." Hindbad was cut short by Sindbad.

"Yes, they're my children," he went on, "and I shall tell you all about my second marriage that took place during my seventh voyage."

By then, the arrival of some more of his friends was announced and they all sat down chatting till it was time to eat. The conversation centered round the Caliph, Haroun al-Rashid, and his governance. Hindbad found all of them praising the Caliph sky-high.

Once Sindbad saw all of them settle down in their respective places, he reminded them, "Yesterday, I was telling you under what circumstances I met the Caliph. I had taken a message for him from the King of Serendib, who had also sent several gifts. The Caliph said I was to be his ambassador henceforth. Yes, he said wherever I went I would go as *his* representative. But I never wanted to go on any more journeys and hoped I could remain in Baghdad for ever and still enjoy the new status conferred on me. But that was not to be. I had to undertake another journey and was sent to.. can any of you guess where?" Nobody ventured to answer him; they were all eager to hear it from Sindbad himself.





One day, Sindbad was entertaining some traders who had acted as his agents and sold merchandise on his behalf. He was reluctant to go on another voyage, though he was keen to do business with some of the countries he had visited in the course of his six voyages. He was informed that a messenger from the Caliph wished to see him.

It transpired that the Caliph wanted him urgently. How soon would he be able to go to the Caliph's palace? the messenger asked him. "Immediately," he told the man and sent him away. The traders excused themselves.

On reaching the palace, Sindbad was straight away taken to the Caliph, who was extremely happy to see him. "Thank you, Sindbad, you've come so soon! The matter is very urgent, and you must start tomorrow itself."

"Tomorrow?" Sindbad jumped from his seat. He could not believe his ears. "Where?" He only hoped that it would not be another long voyage by sea, but only to a neighbouring country.

"Serendib.. to my friend, the King of Serendib," replied the Caliph. "I want you to carry a letter from me to the king. The matter is important and I don't wish to send anyone else. I have arranged for a strong, sturdy

ship to take you. My representative should travel in style! So, get ready to leave tomorrow. My letter to the king will reach you before you start. Of course, my gifts for the king are already loaded on the vessel. You'll carry the letter and safely deliver it to the king."

It was all like a command. Sindbad tried to wriggle out of the mission, but the Caliph would not have any of his excuses. "Yes, I do agree that you had some extraordinary adventures, some of which you may like to forget for ever. But your experience... who else in Baghdad had had such wonderful, and varied experiences? No, Sindbad, you must undertake this mission for me!"

Sindbad had no choice except to obey the Caliph. As he was not carrying any merchandise on this voyage, he did not have to spend time buying things and packing them to be taken to the ship. By the time he was ready the next day, the messenger from the Caliph came with a sealed envelope. Soon after that, he went to Balsora and boarded the ship.

It was a long voyage and rather uneventful unlike the earlier voyages. When they reached Serendib, Sindbad was easily recognised by the people, who carried the news of his arrival to







the king before him. The king received him with great warmth and cordiality. Sindbad handed him the letter from the Caliph and the several gifts the ruler of Baghdad had sent him. Courtesy demanded that Sindbad stayed back in Serendib till the king read the letter and got ready a reply for the Caliph. The king called for his Interior Minister and asked him to make all arrangements for the ambassador's stay in the island.

Next day, Sindbad presented himself at the Court to know the king's wishes. "My good friend the Caliph has asked for a consignment of ivory. He tells me that you are an expert with

the bow and arrow. If that be so, then, we have a lot of elephants in the forests in our kingdom, and I suggest you should hunt the animals for their tusks. When shall we start? I shall myself pick up the men to go with you," assured the king.

Sindbad was in a dilemma. On the one hand, he had given up using the bow and arrow since his boyhood, and he was not sure whether he could use them as expertly to hunt elephants! On the other, it was a request from the King of Serendib and the tusks were for the Caliph of Baghdad. If he could take them when he went back, he would become closer to the ruler, and who knows he would not help Sindbad if and when an occasion arose?

Sindbad took a few minutes to give an answer. "As soon as the men are ready, I shall go, though I don't know how effective my arrows will be against elephants!"

"Oh! Don't worry about that!" remarked the king, setting him at rest. "My men will look after all that. They'll have other weapons with them. You can start tomorrow."

Adventures would never evade him, thought Sindbad, though he was not sure what kind of experiences awaited him in the forests of Serendib. The next day, he led a group of



into the forest. They took him to a place which, they told him, was on the way to a waterhole and they could expect elephants to pass that way.

Sindbad climbed a tree and perched himself on a vantage position. The men hid behind bushes waiting for the signal from Sindbad. A long time passed before they heard the sound of heavy thuds on the ground, as a herd of animals made their way to the pond. When they came in full view and in proximity to the tree where Sindbad was crouching, he shot arrows one after another. Barring two elephants, the others ran helter-skelter, trumpeting loudly. After a little struggle, the two animals lay still.

The men now came out of the bushes and hacked the elephants into pieces so that they could easily bury them. They removed the four tusks carefully, and when their work was over, they all left the place in jubilation. Though he was reassured that he could still wield the bow and arrow even after a passage of several years, Sindbad was not happy about his achievement. After all, he had killed two innocent animals. He, however, carefully avoided expressing his feelings to the king.

The King of Serendib looked pleased. "My friend, let's get a few



more tusks. How can I send just four to the great Caliph?"

Sindbad realised that there was no escape from the task given to him despite the revulsion he felt in carrying it out. For the sake of friendly relations between Baghdad and Serendib, he had to forget his personal feelings.

The next day, Sindbad had limited success, as only one elephant came their way after a long wait. He had no difficulty in aiming an arrow at the animal as it suddenly stopped beneath the tree sensing some danger. But before he could retrace his steps or hurry forward, two arrows struck him and he lay dead in no time.







That day, Sindbad did not meet the king as he was busy conferring with his ministers. The next morning, he called on the king. "Well done, Sindbad!" the king expressed his appreciation. "Ten will make a good number. I hope you'll get four more tusks today."

That settled it. It meant, the king wanted him to go a-hunting till he secured four more tusks. That also meant killing two more elephants. As he accompanied the men to the forest, he could not keep pace with them as he was taking slow, reluctant steps. A strange sight greeted them when they reached their usual spot. A lovely

looking maiden was caressing an elephant! And she was all alone.

"Don't shoot!" she warned, even when she saw them at a distance. "Throw away your arrows and other weapons! He's a tame elephant and he won't harm you; you may come closer."

Sindbad threw away his bow and arrows; the men followed suit and hurled their weapons far into the forest. "You look like a princess!" said Sindbad, as he approached the beauty, and the beast by her side. "Who are you?"

"You guessed correctly, sir," replied the girl. "I'm the Princess of Serendib. My father, the king, does not know that I come to the forest. The animals and birds here are my friends, and I come here quite often. I was sad when I was told that my father had asked you to kill elephants and bring their tusks. That's why I came here in advance – to prevent you from killing any more animals. Please go back to the palace, and I shall meet you in the presence of my father. I myself shall tell him everything."

"We're very sorry, princess, if we were the cause of agony in you. You may not believe me, but I myself was reluctant to carry out the task given to



me. I don't like killing innocent animals."

"I'm glad you, too, feel that way. Now, we won't have any difficulty in convincing the king that animals should not be hunted and killed," said the princess, putting on a smile. "You all may go now. Let me spend some more time with my pet here," she added, affectionately stroking the massive trunk of the elephant. It was an unforgettable sight for Sindbad, who now directed the men to return to the palace. He joined them at the rear.

When he went to the palace later, he was ushered into the king's private chambers. The princess was with him. Both began smiling when Sindbad entered the room. "The princess has told me everything, Sindbad," said the king, rising from his seat and catching hold of his hands. "I'm glad she stopped you from killing more elephants. We usually remove the tusks only when the animals are dead and not after killing them. However, now that your Caliph has expressed a desire for ivory, we shall send him all the six tusks. I'm sure he'll be happy to be told that *you* have collected them."

"I'm happy that I was of some service to the Caliph," said Sindbad, "but my sorrow still remains. I had to kill.."

"Yes, my daughter has conveyed

your feelings to me," the king interjected, "and I respect your sentiments. In this country, we don't normally kill animals. As the Caliph informed me about your talents, I wanted to put them to good use. I hope you'll understand how eager I am to please your Caliph. I shall tell him how you've helped us in this matter, and I'm sure he'll reward you. I've myself thought of a reward and have obtained the princess's agreement. And if you would accept her, she would like to be your wife!"

That was really a surprise of all surprises for Sindbad. He raised his head and found a coy princess smiling at him. "I accept her as my wife, sire!" He could not say anything more.

Their wedding was a grand affair. After a week's stay with the princess in the palace, they bade farewell of the king. The ship that carried Sindbad from Baghdad had been gaily decorated and filled with gifts for the couple—from the king as well as the people of Serendib—besides the priceless elephant tusks.

On the third day after they set sail, they were woken up at night by the sound of loud voices. Sindbad rushed to the deck only to be surrounded by men he had not seen earlier on the ship. He was horrified to see the ship's







the Caliph. We do not carry any merchandise."

"Sindbad the sailor?" the men cheered in unison. "Sorry, sir, we didn't know. We won't touch you or your ship. Please pardon us."

By then some of them had freed the captain. "I was trying to tell you who I have on board, but you wouldn't listen to me !" he protested.

The pirates bowed to Sindbad and the captain, and left the ship. Their ship, however, followed Sindbad's ship for the next three days. It looked as though they were escorting the royal envoy. The rest of the journey was uneventful.

Sindbad and the princess alighted at Balsora and made their way on camel back to Baghdad. The two straight away went to the palace and presented themselves to the Caliph. After exchanging greetings, he took the letter sent by the King of Serendib from Sindbad. As he read the contents, a smile came over his lips. "I must compliment you, Sindbad, on your dexterity in using the bow and arrow. I must also congratulate you on winning the hand of the Princess of Serendib. I appoint you my Minister in Waiting, and you have access to me whenever you wish!"



captain tied to the mast; he was piteously shouting at his captors. Apparently, they were pirates, as Sindbad could surmise when he saw a smaller vessel alongside his own ship. Evidently, they had been attracted by the decorated ship and possibilities of a good plunder.

Sindbad raised his hand. "Stop shouting!" he thundered. "Who are you? And what do you want? I'm Sindbad and I'm returning from Serendib where I had taken a message from my Caliph in Baghdad. And I'm now carrying a reply from the King of Serendib. I'm thus on a royal mission and this ship enjoys the protection of





When he ended the narration, Sindbad found his friends spellbound. "Well, my friends, that was my last voyage. As the Caliph's advisor, I had to make myself available whenever he wanted me; and my presence here also became essential after the birth of a daughter and son. I haven't left Baghdad ever since. By the grace of God, I now lead a peaceful life and for the prosperity I enjoy I owe everything to the Caliph. But whenever I am alone, I do recollect my encounters with demons and dwarfs, giants and hurricanes, and I am thankful to the almighty for saving my life every time."

After the friends had departed one by one and Hindbad was alone with Sindbad, he recalled how he was once riling at the "rich man" who had no heart for his less fortunate brethren. "Oh! Don't be overtaken by remorse, Hindbad. Every dog has his day. I had once suffered, but then that's life. If you've suffered in life, it does not mean that it'll be like that for ever. Think of the better days ahead."

By then, one of the attendants had

brought Hindbad's son to them. "Ah, here comes your Zuhair! How did you enjoy your visit, young man? Would you like to stay here with your newfound friends?"

The boy looked at his father for a hint as to what he should say in answer. Hindbad was himself dumbfound. "What about Zohra?" Zuhair almost blurted out.

"Your sister! Of course, she, too, will stay here, and all four of you can study together till you grow up. What do you say?" Zuhair did not reply him.

"You're too generous, Sindbad!" said Hindbad.

"Don't say anything more, my good friend," said Sindbad. "Leave your son, and tomorrow my wife will come to your place and seek your wife's permission to bring Zohra here. Is that all right?"

Hindbad nodded his head as he moved out of the room. Today, he did not carry any velvet bag. And it was with a light heart that he reached home and broke the good news.

**(Concluded)**

## NEXT MONTH

All wars end in victory and defeat. One war that was waged long, long ago in India brought Peace and a message of Non-violence. In the next issue, we begin a new serial with the Kalinga war as the backdrop. Make sure of your copy.







## Experience Counts

**A**ravind and Arun were intimate friends. As partners, they started a shoe shop in the town. In course of time they enjoyed brisk business. They took turns in managing the shop. When the shop began attracting crowds, they thought of appointing an assistant.

"We must have a boy to help us," said Aravind. "I've asked Nandu to come. He's a sprightly youngster. We need give him only two hundred rupees a month."

"I too was thinking on the same lines," said Arun. "I've asked someone called Mohan to join us. Quite clever and efficient. I've offered a salary of three hundred. He has some experience, too."

"It'll be a problem if both of them turn up," remarked Arvind. "We can't have two boys, so we'll take the one who need be given a lower salary."

Arun was in a dilemma. "Aravind,

I've already committed to Mohan. He had earlier worked in a similar shop, that's how I picked him up. Let's appoint him. In case your boy also were to turn up, let him work here and we'll be able to find out who's cleverer."

Aravind agreed to the suggestion. Both Nandu and Mohan turned up as expected. "Look here," said Arun, "we'll watch your work for a month, and whoever is found satisfactory, he'll be taken on a permanent basis. The other person will have no job here. I hope you both understand that."

The two boys began working in the shop, vying with each other to please their two masters. One day, among their customers was a wealthy man. He chose a costly pair of shoes, and enquired the price. It was two hundred rupees. The man opened his purse and counted the money he had. He was short by twenty rupees.



"I don't have enough money," he told Arun, who was in the shop at that time. "Please ask somebody to pack the shoes and keep it in my vehicle. As soon as I reach home, I shall send the balance amount through my servant." He then counted a hundred and eighty rupees and gave it to Arun.

He hesitated to take the money. How could he be so sure that the man would send the money at all? Besides, he was a stranger to him. Mohan was watching his master. The boy signalled to him to accept the money. "Oh! that's all right, sir," said Arun to the customer. "Please take the shoes; you may send the balance later."

"You may go to your vehicle, sir," added Mohan. "I shall pack the shoes and bring them to you." He carefully packed the pair and took it to the vehicle. The man then drove away.

When Mohan came back to the shop, Arun asked him, "So, you know that gentleman?"

"No, sir, I don't know him," replied Mohan, "but I'm sure we'll get our money. Just wait."

Arun was unable to believe him. "How're you so sure, Mohan?"

"Oh! The shoes he has taken will bring him back!" said Mohan, putting on a mischievous smile.



"Look here!" remarked Arun. "You don't know him, and he's a stranger to this shop. How can such a person be given credit? Why did you give him the shoes?"

The master was quite displeased with his assistant, especially because the boy had been appointed on his recommendation. Arguments and explanations went on for sometime, when they saw a vehicle stopping in front of the shop and the same wealthy man coming out of it. He entered the shop, his face flushed with anger.

"What did you do with the shoes?" the man demanded of both the shopowner and his assistant. "When I







opened the packet, I found both shoes for the right leg! How can I wear that on my left leg? Please change one shoe and give me the correct one. And here's the balance twenty rupees." He handed the money to Arun.

He pulled up Mohan in front of the customer. "Stupid fellow! How careless you were! You gave a lot of inconvenience to this valued customer. All right! This is the first time. If you repeat such acts, you'll be

dismissed. Be extra careful!" Turning to the customer he added, "Please forgive us, sir. He's an inexperienced fellow."

After the man and his vehicle moved away, Arun patted his assistant. "Well done, Mohan! You managed to bring him back to the shop, and with the balance money. Such things can be done only if one has experience."

Mohan ultimately was retained in the shop on a permanent basis.

**We consider black as impure, and white pure. But black, in its natural setting, is as much a virtue as white, out of place, is a vice.**

**He who thinks, speaks, and acts with God as his witness, will never feel ashamed of doing the right thing.**

**—Mahatma Gandhi**





# Around Bombay

Text : Meera Nair  
Artwork : Goutam Sen



Charles II of Great Britain



The Portuguese princess, Catherine da Braganza

When the Portuguese came to India five centuries ago, the seven islands that constitute Bombay were small fishing villages of little consequence. One of these islands, Mumbai, was gifted to Charles II when he married the Portuguese princess, Catherine da Braganza in 1661. Later the Portuguese ceded the other six islands to the British. Over the years the

seven islands were connected by causeways and Bombay soon emerged as the commercial capital of India.



Bombay has a coastline that is 64 kilometres long. On the north-west lies the fishing village of Versova, where Kolis, the original inhabitants of Bombay, live in large numbers. While the Koli men catch fish, it is the women who help to unload the fishing boats and sell the fish in the market. The Koli staple fish, the silvery *bombil* or *Bombay Duck*, is a great favourite with the fish-eating Bombayites.

A couple of kilometres from Versova lies Juhu, which has the most popular beach in Bombay. The Juhu beach is studded with stalls, selling the city's famous delicacies, including the finger-licking *bhel-puri*.

In 1932, J.R.D. Tata made aviation history when he landed his aircraft, the Puss Moth, here at Juhu. This marked the beginning of the country's national carrier, Air India.



The Puss Moth in which Tata created aviation history



J.R.D. Tata



Further south along the coast, one can see the Basilica of Mount Mary, atop a hill in Bandra. It was built by the Portuguese in 1640. At the annual fair held here in September, people of all faiths light candles to Virgin Mary.

On an islet in the bay at Worli, stands the Haji Ali Dargah, built eight centuries ago. It is accessible only at low tide. It contains the tomb of Pir Haji Ali Hazrat Bukhari. Legend has it that Haji Ali was a rich merchant, who donated all his wealth

to the poor before going on a haj to Mecca. After he returned, he spent his life in spiritual quest on a rock on this islet. When he died, his followers built

The Basilica of Mount Mary

### Haji Ali Dargah

his mausoleum on the same rock and called it the Haji Ali Dargah.

Like Juhu beach, Chowpatty beach at the foot of Malabar Hill, is associated with aviation. Exactly a hundred years ago, a Vedic scholar, Shivkar Bapuji Talpade, is said to have flown his plane over the beach. This was eight years before the Wright Brothers made their historical flight.

The Chowpatty beach, like all the beaches of Bombay, gets busiest during the Ganesh Chaturthi festival, when small and gargantuan-sized idols of Lord Ganesh are immersed in the sea. This festival of Ganesh was popularised by Bal Gangadhar Tilak, whose bronze statue stands on the sands at Chowpatty, where he was cremated.



An idol of Ganesh takes a dip in the sea



Bombay witnessed a great deal of the country's struggle for freedom. The Indian National Congress was born here and it was here that the 'Quit India' resolution was passed by Congress on August 8, 1942.

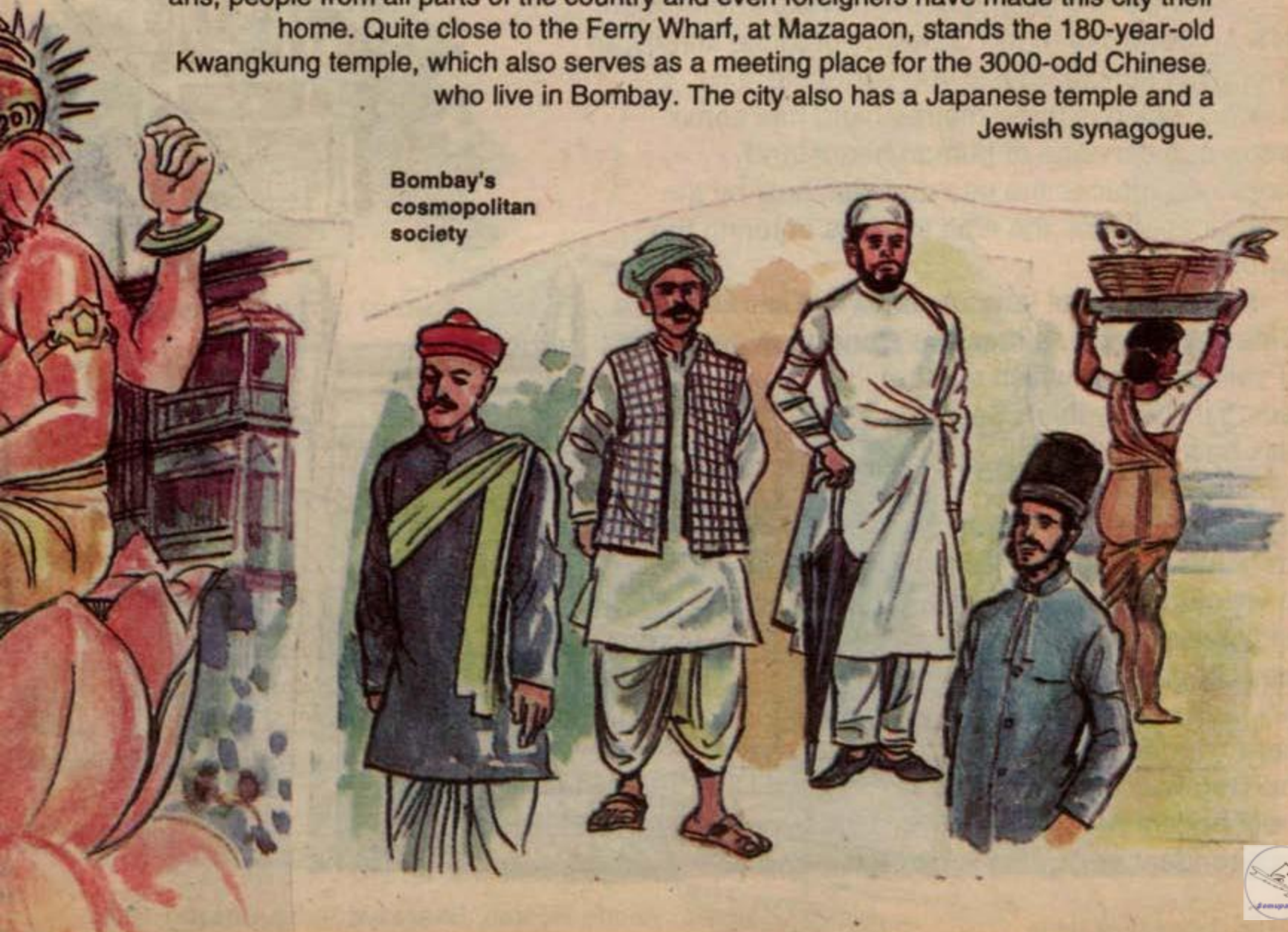
Bombay's Stock Exchange is the oldest in the country. It started in 1850 with just six brokers, who used to deal in shares under a banyan tree. The Bombay Stock Exchange was founded in 1877 at Dalal Street and the present Stock Exchange building was built a hundred years later.

Bombay today is the busiest and the biggest port in the country. The Sassoon, Prince's, Alexandria, Indira on Victoria docks were built between the 1870's and the 1970's. Bombay's satellite port, the Jawaharlal Nehru Port, lies at Nhava - Sheva, two little islands, 11 kilometres across the harbour.

On 14th April 1944, around half past twelve at noon, the workers at the Victoria docks saw smoke coming from the S.S. Fort Stikine, a British naval ship, which had arrived from Karachi, carrying ammunition and bullion worth crores, besides other items. Then a deafening explosion shook the city. The 54 ships that were anchored in the harbour, caught fire. Powerful explosions continued throughout the day and could be heard 8 to 10 kilometres away. Pieces of gold were blown across the city. The fire was put out by two dozen engines. It took 10,000 men six months to clear the debris.

Bombay has the most cosmopolitan society in the country. Besides Maharashtrians, people from all parts of the country and even foreigners have made this city their home. Quite close to the Ferry Wharf, at Mazagaon, stands the 180-year-old Kwangkung temple, which also serves as a meeting place for the 3000-odd Chinese who live in Bombay. The city also has a Japanese temple and a Jewish synagogue.

Bombay's  
cosmopolitan  
society





Besides being the capital of Maharashtra state, Bombay is also the film capital of the country and is often called India's Hollywood. The country's first film was shown here at the Watson Hotel (situated in the present Esplanade Building), on July 7th, 1896. Bombay also boasts a film city in Goregaon, one of its suburbs, where hundreds of films are made every year.

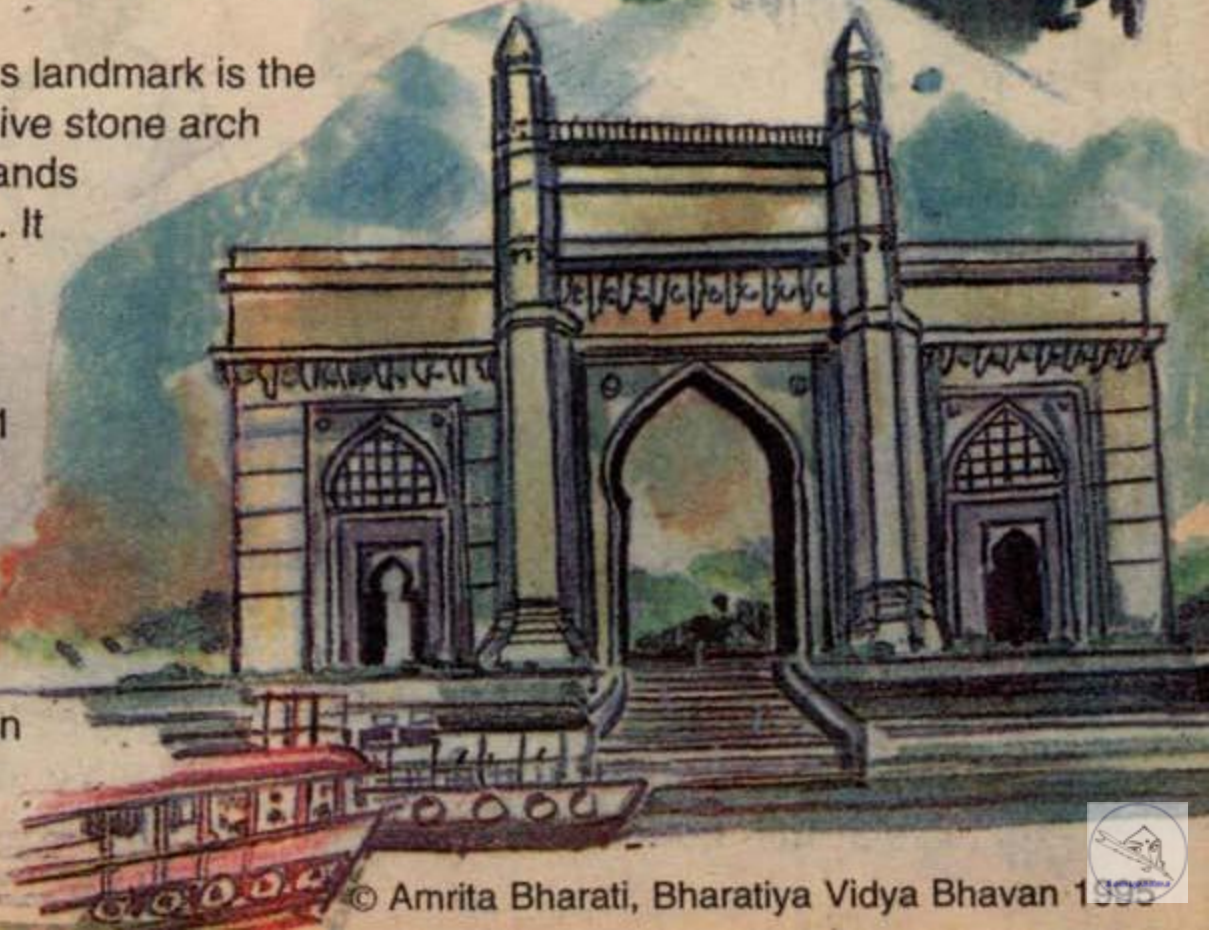


The 400-year-old sundial —

Within the compound of the naval establishment, INS Angre, close to the Gateway of India, stands an enormous sundial that is 400 years old. The sundial, which is three metres high, has some grotesque carvings of human heads and monsters. It faces the sea and was built by the Portuguese to tell the time to ships entering the harbour.



Bombay's most famous landmark is the Gateway of India, a massive stone arch of yellow basalt, which stands facing the Arabian Sea. It was built in 1927 to replace the hastily constructed white plaster arch that was built in 1911 to welcome King George and Queen Mary of England. Appropriately, the last of the British soldiers were flagged off through the Gateway of India when India became independent.



The Gateway of India





# The Golden Shoes



In olden days, there lived a tax collector named Halim. Month after month when he went from house to house collecting money on behalf of the king, he felt a sense of guilt, even though he was only doing his duty. Who would like to part with his money? Though everybody knew very well that Halim was only taking a small part of their income for the welfare of their town, they looked on him more as a robber and tyrant. Therefore, he always prayed in his heart that may his children not follow

in his footsteps. He desired them to live as respectable members of society.

Indeed, in course of time, he became a father of four sons. The three older ones grew up into talented young men and became scholars in ancient lores and philosophy. They chose to become teachers. Often, when the proud father would watch their shining faces, his heart filled with gratitude for the Lord for having fulfilled his prayers and blessed him with such worthy offspring.



But the fourth son, Tanman by name, was child-like, shy, and a quiet boy. Unlike his gifted brothers, he had no inclination for studies and was considered a simpleton by one and all. His father despised him, and his learned brothers always mocked at him and called him a dumb fool. They, in fact, treated him more like a servant, sending him on difficult errands and forcing him to wait on them.

Often it occurred to young Tanman to run away from home and make a living for himself. After he had lost his mother several years ago, it was obvious that his father and brothers had no love for him in their hearts. He

strongly felt that he was unwanted and they would all be happy to get rid of him.

Alas, where could this lonesome boy go in this wide world? From his childhood, Tanman had been hearing marvellous stories of a great sage who moved from place to place. The inspiring and illuminating words that flowed from his lips were like drops of nectar that soothed and comforted those in pain and sorrow. So, Tanman decided to become a disciple of this saint.

But he was not gifted and learned as his brothers. How could he, when he was only a nincompoop and a dumb fool, become the great man's





disciple? Thus, little Tanman would often worry at night with tears in his eyes and fall asleep.

It was not before long that one morning there came the exciting news that the sage was on his way to his town. Tanman's brothers decided to be among the first callers on the great man the next day. They got their best dress ready and asked their little brother to clean their shoes before they retired to bed.

"Listen, you dumb fool! Brush them well," ordered the eldest.

"Mind you, they must all be spic and span, with not a single particle of dust on them," put in the second.

"Remain indoors tomorrow, you

fool! Don't show your stupid face to the sage!" warned the third one.

Little Tanman did not have a wink of sleep. He kept thinking and dreaming of the great teacher who was to be in their town in a matter of hours. How could he meet him and seek his blessings? How could he hear the healing words of love that would flow out from his lips? If his learned brothers came to know that he had gone out of the house, they would beat him black and blue!

Nevertheless Tanman strongly felt that he must meet the master, whatever be the consequences. It mattered little if his brothers beat him after that. The beatings would be worth





taking.

As he thus pondered over the situation and the night was gradually unfolding into day, there welled up in Tanman's heart a surge of love. So strong was this pure aspiration in him that he felt he must express it in some way. Suddenly he remembered that he was yet to complete the task set by his brothers.

He could no longer wait. Lighting a candle, he began cleaning the four pairs of shoes, including those of his father. With a loving zeal, he gently brushed them as though they were living beings.

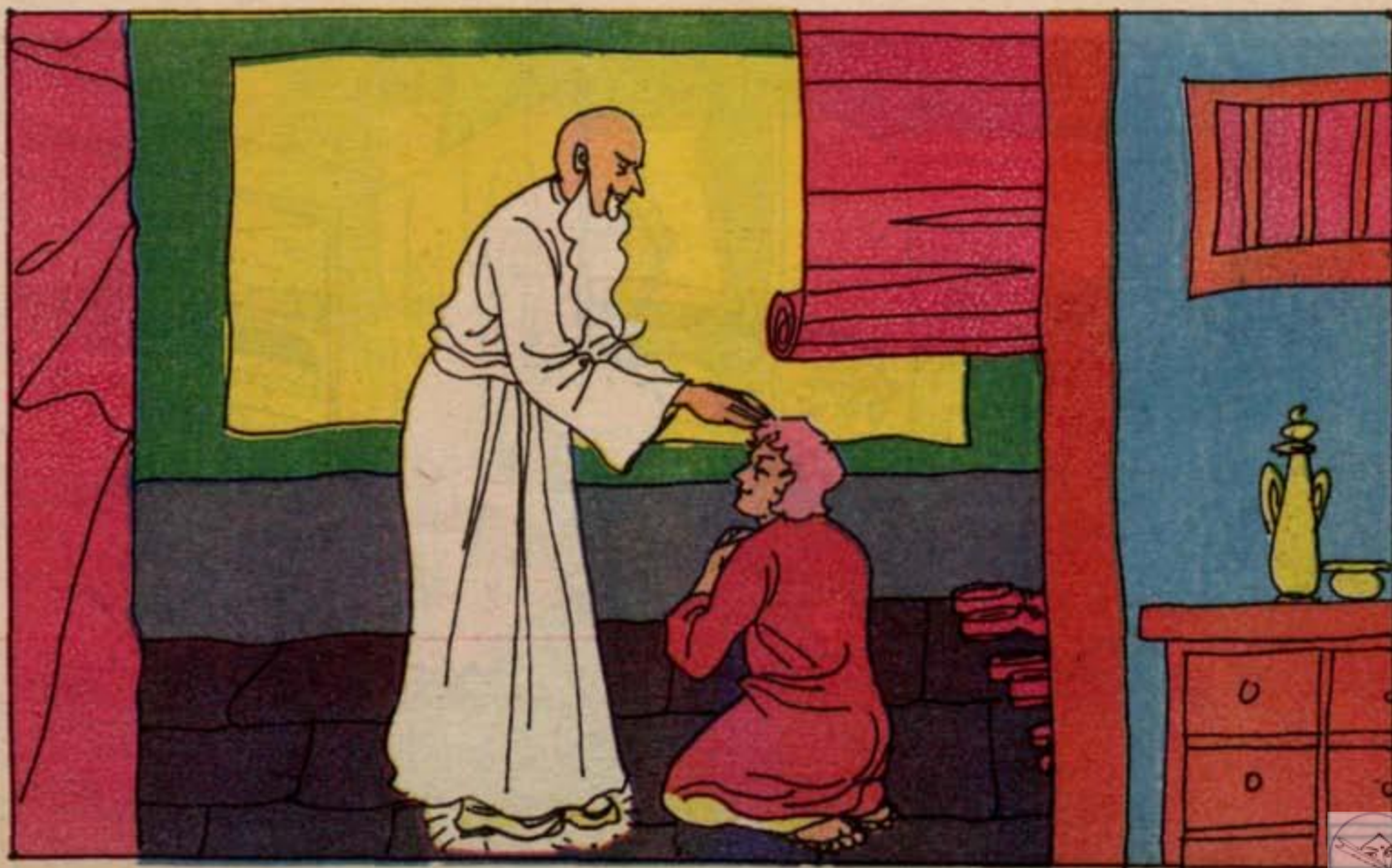
One pair after another he finished and then, happily looking at them,

said: "Soon you're going to be in the blessed presence of the great sage, O fortunate shoes!"

Then, as he was about to rise to his feet, lo! and behold, beside the last pair that he had just finished cleaning, there was another pair of shoes. They were shoes of gold!

Little Tanman was taken aback when he found that the golden shoes were not empty. There were in it two beautiful feet! He sat gazing at them lost in a stupor.

Then as a hand gently caressed his hair, slowly and fearfully he raised his head. What did he see? He beheld a beautiful and serene face tenderly looking at him with a sweet smile of





joy and love. He was overwhelmed. The radiance from the luminous face of the figure filled the room with a dazzling light.

Little Tanman closed his eyes, folded his hands and tears of gratitude flowed down his cheeks. When he opened them, the godly figure had gone. But the golden shoes were there and they shone brightly as the first light of the day fell on them through the open window.

In the morning, when his father and his brothers saw the pair of golden shoes beside theirs, they rigorously questioned him. Tanman related the happenings of the previous night. Surprised and unable to believe him, they waited for the arrival of the saint in the town. They waited all day long, but he never turned up.

The leading citizens of the town went and met the sage and asked him why he skipped their town.

Smiling graciously, the sage said: "I was in your town all right, but I was with the one who was most eager to see me! Why, I even left with him my golden shoes!"

The news spread and soon the townsfolk came to know who had the golden shoes. Hundreds of them met Tanman and paid homage to him.

The father, now realising how blind he had been not to have understood his youngest son, took him in his arms and wept. The three scholars, too, now came to understand how insignificant was all their knowledge and high learning before the child-like faith, sweetness, and simplicity of their little brother.

—Retold by Anup Kishore Das





## **Towards a polio-free world**

Parents dread when their little children fall ill and the doctor tells them that they are suffering from poliomyelitis. The poor parents get the shock of their life, because infantile paralysis, as polio is commonly called, is a crippling disease. What actually happens is, there is inflammation of the spinal cord, which affects the nervous system that controls the muscles. As a result, the child is unable to use his legs and arms properly. He becomes a cripple for life. It is generally believed that polio has no cure.

In 1954, the well-known U.S. microbiologist, Jonas Edward Salk, developed an injectable vaccine which can prevent children from being affected by polio, provided they are given the injection before a prescribed age limit. Many children benefited from this discovery, and the world at last realised that polio can be eradicated. But thousands and thousands of children could not have access to what came to be known as the Salk Vaccine.

A few years later, another microbiologist – also of the U.S.A. – Albert Bruce Sabin, developed an oral vaccine against polio. The Sabin Vaccine could easily reach several children. The governments of many countries came forward to secure this vaccine and immunise their children against polio. Administering just two drops of this vaccine is very easy, but it has to be done soon after the baby is born and till he reaches the age of 3. But the immunisation has to be a regular exercise

during these three crucial years.

Two decades ago, a similar exercise was undertaken to eradicate small-pox, and the world did succeed. By 1995, nearly 145 countries of the world announced that they had become polio-free. Unfortunately, India, along with some 70 other nations, is still fighting to eradicate polio.

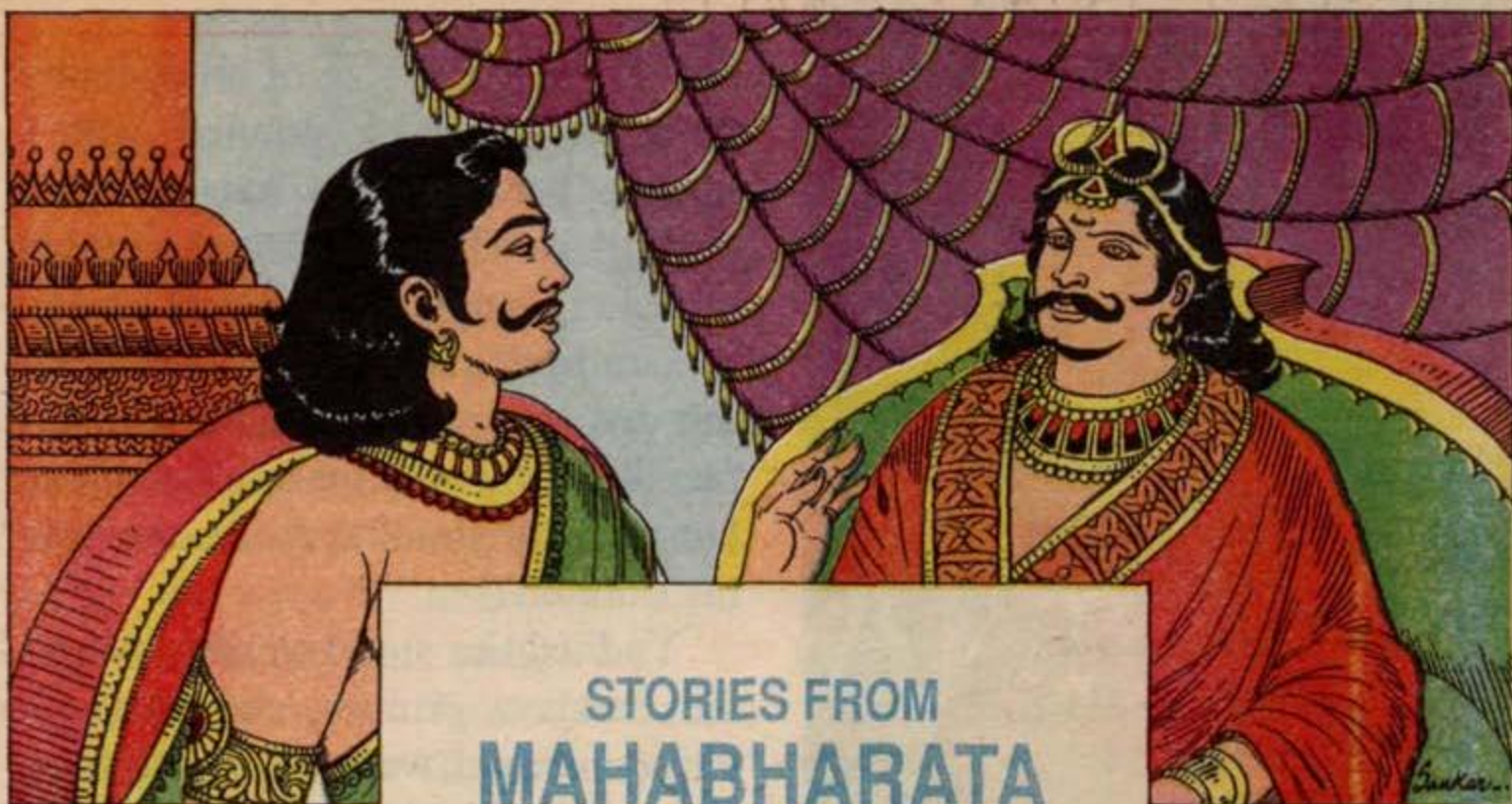
The focus is on India, because more than half of the reported cases of polio are found to occur in this country. Naturally, our Government was concerned about this state and declared two days as National Immunisation Days, advising the parents of children up to 3 years of age to take them to the nearest immunisation centre to be given two drops each, free of charge. There are 750 lakhs children in India to be thus immunised. Barring a few thousands, all others were immunised on December 9 last. The next NID is on January 20. All the children who have already received the two drops will be given another dose on that day, as also those who could not be taken to the immunisation centres on December 9.

The Government, along with several non-governmental institutions who have extended their assistance in one way or another, will continue the campaign for the next three years when, it is hoped, we can sit back and say India is polio-free.

Pass the word around—among your parents, friends, and neighbours. YOU can lend a helping hand to eradicate polio from the face of the earth.







## STORIES FROM MAHABHARATA

### THE STORY SO FAR:

*Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandava princes, built the capital city of Indraprastha, where he performed the Imperial sacrifice, and assumed the title of Emperor.*

*This heightened the jealousy and hatred of the Kaurava princes. Duryodhana, conspiring with his uncle Sakuni and supported by the blind king Dhritarashtra, challenged Yudhishtira to games of dice. In the end, Yudhishtira lost everything. In accordance with the conditions, the Pandava princes were required to spend twelve years in exile, then they must remain in hiding for a year.*

*True to their word, the Pandava princes went with Draupadi into exile in the Kamyaka forest. Soon afterwards Dhritarashtra, angered by the outspoken Vidura, tells him to join the Pandava princes, but later repents his hastiness, and sends his request to Vidura to return.*

**K**ing Dhritarashtra, uneasy in mind and anxious to ease his conscience, sent for Vidura on his return, and asked him to describe how the Pandavas were living in exile.

“The princes are living in a hermitage in the forest,” Vidura replied. “All the sages visit them and the Sun-god has given Yudhishtira the Akshayapatra, a wonderful vessel

which is the source of a never-failing supply of food for their daily needs.”

“I am glad the princes do not suffer in exile,” the king said, in a tone that was far from convincing. “But the sage Maitreya said that Bhima killed the demon Kimmera single-handed. Surely that cannot be true?”

“It certainly is true,” Vidura said





with a smile. "According to Yudhishtira, this is exactly what happened." Vidura then narrated the incident:

One evening, the princes were walking through the forest when they were startled by a loud crash behind the bushes. Fearing an attack from some wild animal, the princes quickly surrounded Draupadi, but to their horror, instead of some beast of prey, they were confronted by the bestial demon Kimmera, a ferocious cannibal, carrying a huge lighted torch.

Draupadi was petrified at the sight of this awesome figure and even the princes looked grim. The demon was

nearly twice the size of an ordinary man. He was thick skinned, with a mane of greasy yellow hair, and protruding from his great slit of a mouth were long fangs, like those of a tiger.

Lumbering towards the princes, the demon growled: "You soft human beings would make a fine meal, but who are you that dare come into my domain?"

Yudhishtira stood steady. "We're the Pandava princes, and although we're unarmed, we don't fear the likes of you," he said.

"The Pandava princes?" the demon roared. Then, suddenly he stopped and peering in Yudhishtira's face, snarled. "If you're the Pandava princes, where's that famous Bhima who is supposed to have killed my brother Bakasura?"

Bhima, always eager for a fight, pushed his brother aside and, uprooting a young tree, made straight for the demon.

The demon threw his torch at Bhima, but Bhima jumped to one side, then rushed and dealt the demon a hefty blow on his head, which sent him sprawling on the ground.

As the demon tried to get on to his feet, Bhima knelt on his back, and his strong fingers were soon entwined round the demon's throat.





The demon tried to roll over and crush Bhima with his great weight, but Bhima held on grimly, and gradually the demon's efforts weakened as he gasped for breath. Then Bhima suddenly shifted his grip to the demon's hair, and placing his knees in the middle of the demon's back, pulled the wretch's head back until the bones in the neck snapped.

As Dhritarashtra listened to this description of how Bhima slew the notorious Kimmera, his mind was troubled with thoughts that one day the fury of the Pandavas might engulf his own sons.

Meanwhile, when Sri Krishna learnt of the events at Hastinapura,

the cunning of Duryodhana and Sakuni, and the exile of the Pandavas, he at once set out for the forest where the Pandavas were camping. Krishna was accompanied by many nobles including Dhrishtadyumna, Draupadi's brother.

Krishna listened in stoney silence as the Pandavas recounted all that had happened at Hastinapura, and when a tearful Draupadi, between sobs, told how Duryodhana and his brothers had treated her outrageously, Krishna was deeply moved and in a solemn voice made the prophecy: "I can see that your grievous wrong shall be avenged. Those who tormented you shall be stricken by death on the







battlefield.”

Turning to Yudhishtira, Krishna said: “When this calamity befell you, I was not in Dwaraka. Otherwise I would have rushed to Hastinapura and prevented this fraudulent game of dice taking place.”

“Where had you been?” Yudhishtira asked with affection.

“It is not a pleasant story,” Krishna said, still looking grim. “Whilst I was at your Imperial sacrifice, Salwa, the brother of Sisupala, learnt of his brother’s death at my hands. He promptly laid siege to Dwaraka and the city had to face terrible privations.

“When I saw what had befallen

Dwaraka,” Krishna continued, “I immediately attacked Salwa’s kingdom, but Salwa with recourse to magic powers, proved elusive. Then a messenger brought me the news that Salwa, making himself invisible, had returned to Dwaraka and slain my father. At the time of my hearing this, my father’s lifeless body fell out of the sky at my feet. At first I was stunned, but soon I realised that it was all an illusion. So I hurled my discus, which hunts out its target wherever it be, and so Salwa died.”

Soon afterwards Krishna took his leave and returned to Dwaraka, and Dhrishtadyumna went back to Panchala.

In their exile, Bhima and Arjuna would often try to persuade Yudhishtira that they should attack the Kauravas and win back their kingdom now, instead of being content to dwell tamely in the forest for thirteen years.

Yudhishtira found it difficult to restrain his impetuous brothers, but he rightly pointed out that the Kauravas were powerful, with such able leaders as Bhishma and Drona, and skilful fighters like Karna and Aswathama, the son of Drona.

Later; the sage Vyasa advised Arjuna to go into the Himalayas and



practise austerities for the purpose of pleasing Indra, the King of gods, who then might give Arjuna the weapons of the gods. Accordingly, Arjuna took leave of his brothers and Draupadi and, armed with his famous Gandiva bow, set out through the dense forests and reached the mountain of Indrakila.

It was here that Arjuna suddenly came upon an old sage standing under a tree. The ascetic smiled and spoke affectionately to Arjuna. "My son, why are you clad in armour and carrying weapons? What do you seek in this abode of sages who have conquered anger and passions?"

Before Arjuna could reply, the figure of the old sage changed into the radiance of Indra, the King of gods.

Arjuna fell to his knees and said, "O Father, bless me with the weapons of the gods."

"Why not ask to enjoy the pleasures of paradise?" Indra asked.

Arjuna ruefully shook his head. "O King of gods, I do not seek pleasures. I seek only new weapons in order to defend my brothers."

"Do penance unto god Siva, and if you obtain His Grace, you'll receive the weapons you desire." Saying this, the King of gods suddenly disappeared.





# NEWS FLASH

## Delayed arrival

The New Year arrived a bit late – by a second! Like the leap year (1996 is a leap year) when we add one extra day (in February) to the year, scientists in charge of atomic clocks added a leap second on December 31, to delay the arrival of the New Year. Such leap seconds are added periodically to keep the highly accurate atomic clocks in tune with the movements of the earth, which is not as regular as clocks! It can speed up or slow down as a result of friction from the oceans. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is made up of water, and oceans and seas play a dominant role as the earth rotates on its axis.

## Eye for fish

Think of water, think of fish. This particular fish – a spadefish – is living in an aquarium in North Carolina, U.S.A. What is special about this fish is, its one eye has been replaced with a glass eye, golden in colour. The unique replacement surgery took place in November in the North Carolina College of Veterinary Science. The operation was performed outside water, and the surgeons used

miniature tools and magnifying goggles. The fish was put under anaesthesia for the surgery.

## Club for Children

A familiar photograph of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru shows him playing with a panda that grew up in his residence in New Delhi known as Teen Murti Bhavan. The panda is a cuddly animal originating from parts of China and Tibet. It has thick black and white fur and black eye patches. On November 14 – 'Chacha' Nehru's birthday, which is celebrated as Children's Day – was launched the Panda Club of India, which has an exclusive membership of children between 6 and 16. The Panda Club is an international organisation, and its Indian branch has about a hundred members, who assembled in Madras to witness the launching. They shook hands with a 'Giant Panda', whom the little ones instantly called Uncle Panda! But the real 'Uncle' whose brainwave the Club is, the famous tennis star, Vijay Amritraj, was at hand to greet the members and tell them what the Club's activities will be. Some of these are linked with TV programmes for children. "Rimba's Island" appeared on the small screen that day. Want to become a member? Write to Panda Club of India at 2 Krishnamma Road, Nungambakkam, Madras - 600 034.







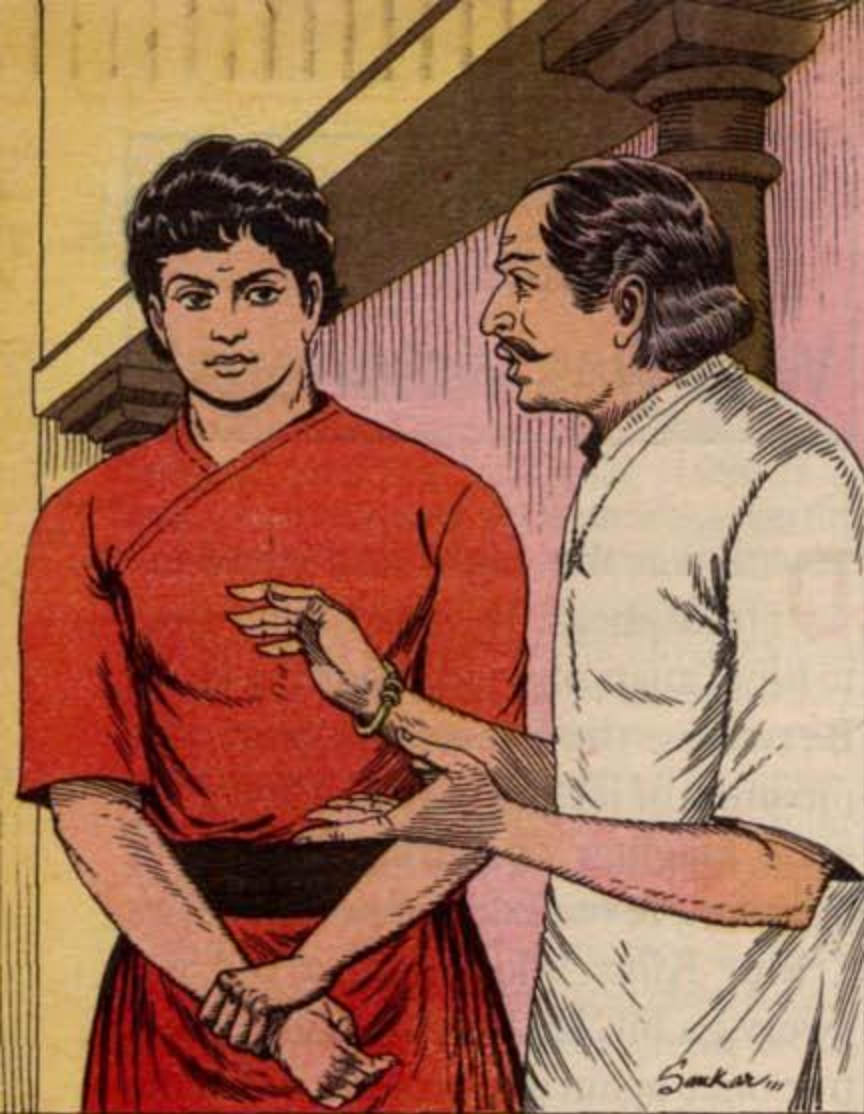
New Tales of King Vikram and  
the Vampire

## Who was victorious?

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite, as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. You appear to be very strong and extremely intelligent. But sometimes such people will be forced to become slaves of people less strong and devoid of intelligence. If you wish to avoid such a situation, better listen to the story of Sukumar." The vampire then





began his narration.

Sukumar was a young man of Suvarnapuri. He learnt music; he learnt the use of different types of weapons; he learnt many other things to become an all-rounder. All these talents only made him conceited. He would not accept that someone else could excel him in each one of these things.

"Have you heard of Veermani of Venkatapuri?" his father asked him one day. "I'm told he has a better knowledge of music, also arms."

"No, I haven't heard of anyone like that," he replied simply. He did not argue with his father, but decided to

go to Venkatpuri.

On his way, he met Jaimallar of Jainagar. When Sukumar told him that he was on his way to take on Veermani, Jaimallar revealed that he had engaged Veermani in wrestling four times, but had failed to defeat him. "I've been learning some new tricks to meet him once again. If you agree, we shall have a fight first to find out who's stronger."

Sukumar had no objection. He prepared himself for a fight, but was defeated in the bout. He then became Jaimallar's student and learnt a larger number of tricks and strategies. They even tried fighting with each other till Sukumar could defeat him easily. Jaimallar blessed him. "You can now go and challenge Veermani."

A happy, jubilant Sukumar continued his journey to Venkatpuri, where he met Veermani and asked for a bout. They were no match for each other, and Veermani could floor the other in a matter of minutes. But he was quick to recognise Sukumar's talents. "True, you got defeated by me, but you've learnt a lot of tricks. If you become my disciple, you'll have a bright future."

Sukumar was not agreeable to such a proposition. "I've already learnt several disciplines and a good lot in



each of them. I feel I can beat you in at least one of them. Till then I don't wish to become your student."

Venkatgiri had a swordsman named Veersingh. He was quite famous in that place. Unfortunately, he too had got defeated by Veermani in a couple of contests. It was now his ambition to train a youngster who would one day defeat Veermani. He revealed this desire of his to Sukumar through an intermediary and Sukumar accepted the offer and began learning sword fight from Veersingh. When he was confident of Sukumar's skill, he sent him for a fight with Veermani, who once again beat the young man. Sukumar was greatly dejected.

He went back to Veermani. "I now have no doubt about your capabilities. Please take me as your student."

Veermani laughed. "There's no doubt you're an expert in whatever you've learnt. But that should not have made you arrogant. You once told me that you would like to become my student only after defeating me once. You haven't yet achieved your ambition; still you've come to me, wishing to be trained by me!"

Sukumar was peeved, as Veermani appeared reluctant to accept him as his student. He was quite angry. He decided, he must beat Veermani in one discipline or another. This determination almost became an







obsession. He even began wondering why he should live at all.

As he walked along the banks of a river, he thought of taking his own life by jumping into the rapidly flowing waters. While he stood at the bank contemplating suicide, he felt someone touching his shoulders. "What's troubling you, my son?"

Sukumar turned round and saw a yogi in saffron robes. He fell at the yogi's feet and then disclosed his agony. "Son, I can see a brightness on your face. I advise you to learn philosophy and become a master in that subject. You've my good wishes and blessings. Nobody would be able

to excel you in that discipline, even Veermani."

What a relief! Sukumar could not believe his ears! Could he really bring Veermani to his knees? He pleaded with the yogi that he himself should teach him. The yogi agreed.

The next six months, Sukumar stayed with the yogi in his cottage in the forest and learnt the scriptures and the philosophical thoughts that they contained. He found that there was no end to the teachings from the scriptures. He asked the yogi, one day, how long he would take to learn everything. "You've acquired enough knowledge and wisdom to challenge anybody, though there's still a lot more to learn," said the yogi.

"Then, please bless me so that I can go and engage Veermani in a dialogue and try to beat him," Sukumar appealed to the yogi.

With the blessings of the yogi, Sukumar set out for Venkatpuri. On reaching there, he did not go directly to Veermani. He sent word that he would like to meet him. And Veermani told the messenger that he was ready to meet Sukumar any day.

Word spread that Veermani and Sukumar would be engaged in philosophical discussions. Intellectuals as well as illiterates



gathered to listen to their wordy duel. They were all aware how Veermani had got the better of Sukumar in all earlier physical fights and bouts. This time, victory would be with Sukumar, they told each other, after they noticed the brightness that had come over his face.

It was time the dialogue started. The rules were drawn. The discussion started promptly at the appointed hour. "You had tried to beat me in different disciplines," asked Veermani of Sukumar. "You could not defeat me in wrestling, mace fight, sword fight, or the bow and arrow. Now you're challenging me to a dialogue in philosophy. All right, tell me, what have you learnt in philosophy? On that basis, we shall have a discussion, and I shall answer your questions."

When Sukumar heard this remark from Veermani, he merely smiled. With all humility, he said: "Philosophy has no end or any limit. I've come to realise that whatever we think we know is only a minute part of the whole spectrum of philosophy. I was once conceited that I knew everything. I felt that there was nobody who had any greater knowledge than what I had learnt. That arrogance prompted me to throw challenges after challenges. I didn't care to find



out how much *you* knew of what. That led to my defeat at your hands. I now realise my shortcomings. I haven't come here to engage you in arguments. Instead, I want to become *your* student and learn at least a part of all that *you* know. Please accept me as your disciple."

Veermani was really surprised. Such humility from someone who was till then conceited and arrogant! The brightness on Sukumar's face accounted for this dawn of wisdom. "True, I too once believed that I was the greatest in many things. Philosophy helps you assess the wisdom and knowledge in others. I





myself had not realised it for a long time. You may teach me how to acquire this wisdom; and I shall teach you everything else."

The vampire ended his narration there and turned to Vikramaditya: "O King! The dialogue between Sukumar and Veermani every time they met appears to be just a play of words. Don't you think so? Sukumar was no match for Veermani. What do you say? Veermani knew the truth of everything, still he wished to become Sukumar's student. So that he could acquire more philosophical wisdom. Doesn't it look strange? Did Sukumar think that he had crossed the boundaries of philosophy to attain a greater amount of wisdom? Did Sukumar really get defeated by Veermani or did he win? You must answer me; otherwise, your head will be blown to pieces."

Vikramaditya was ready with the answers. "The touchstone of an intellectual is his capability to assess

the depth of knowledge and wisdom in another. Veermani was aware how much knowledge Sukumar had acquired in philosophy. Any feeling that one is greater than others will only lead to one's downfall. The real success lies in respecting the strength or strong points in one's rival. The success and failures of both Sukumar and Veermani have to be analysed philosophically. One who knows the philosophy of life will not be foolish enough to challenge the wisdom of another. A philosopher should be ready to share his knowledge; similarly, he should be willing to learn from others whatever he does not know. The philosopher in Sukumar had realised this; that's why he was keen to learn things from Veermani."

The vampire knew that the king had outwitted him again. He flew back to the ancient tree carrying the corpse along with him. Vikramaditya drew his sword and went after him.





## **A radiant white – like Arjuna**

The name is quite attractive - Arjuna. But can there be a tree by that name? you ask. The *Mahabharata* hero himself got the name because he possessed a radiant white colour, like that of his father, Lord Indra. The wood of Arjuna tree, too, is more white than any other colour. In Tamil the tree is known as *Vellamarudu* (vella - white) or *Kulamarudu*; in Telugu *Yermaddi*; in Malayalam *Svarnakkam*; in Assamese *Sonar*; in Bengali *Sondal* *Bandarlate*; and in Kannada *Aragina*.

This tree can be extensively seen in Assam, Bengal, Kerala, and south and north Kanara (west coast of Karnataka). It thrives on river banks and moist places. In fact, many Sanskrit works describe it as *Nadisarija*, meaning that the tree grows on the banks of rivers (*nadi*).

The Latin name *Terminalia arjuna* indicates that its flowers appear terminally. They are a pale yellowish-white, shaped like a cup, and dense on a long axis. The flowering season is from March to June. The bright green leaves are oblong and are placed opposite each

other. Though the leaves fall down in winter, the tree is never bare. Before falling, they assume a copper red colour. The tree then puts on an attractive appearance.

The timber is of light weight but quite durable. It is commonly used for making doors and windows, and agricultural implements.





# JANAKA

**S**o far you have read about only one king who had become a sage. He was Viswamitra. Once he became a sage, he devoted all his time to his yoga and spiritual quest. He ceased to be a ruler.

But there was a great king who was also a great sage. He was King Janaka of Mithila. His duty as a king did not stand in the way of his spiritual practice. That was because he had no ego; he did not feel any pride in his position as a ruler. He performed his worldly duties as a *yajna* or offering to God. That is why he was known as a *Rajarshi* or the royal sage.

Rajarshi Janaka is made famous by Valmiki's *Ramayana*. While preparing the ground for performing a *yajna* with the help of a plough, the king found a baby girl of heavenly beauty, and he picked her up and nursed her as his daughter. She was Princess Sita, who later married Prince Rama of Ayodhya.

Janaka had an unfailing guide in the wise sage Yajnavalkya, his family priest. Here is an example of the dialogues between the two:

- Janaka : What is the light to guide man?  
Yajnavalkya : The Sun, O King!  
Janaka : So indeed it is, O Sage! But after the sun has set?  
Yajnavalkya : The moon is the light then, O King!  
Janaka : So indeed, it is. But when neither the sun nor the moon is there?  
Yajnavalkya : Fire is the light, O King!  
Janaka : But when there's neither the sun nor the moon nor the fire?  
Yajnavalkya : Speech is the light, then. By it, man can be guided.  
Janaka : But when speech, too, has been hushed?  
Yajnavalkya : O King, the soul is then the light for man.





# DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which country has been a nuclear-free zone for the last 12 years?
2. When did the Indian National Congress celebrate its centenary?
3. Which is the largest among the planets?
4. Who designed the Viceroy's House in Delhi - now known as Rashtrapati Bhavan - where the President of India lives?
5. What is the name of Lord Indra's capital in *swarga* (heaven)?
6. Where is the Integral Coach Factory of the Railways located?
7. Which is Europe's longest river?
8. Which country issued postage stamps for the first time?
9. What was the name of the first *ashram* founded by Gandhiji?
10. Which is the largest organ in the human body?
11. Which crop is referred to when the "Green Revolution" in India is mentioned?
12. Which king established the Saka era?
13. Who is known as the father of modern Italy?
14. Which State in India possesses the largest coal reserves?
15. Where did the Buddha attain Nirvana?
16. What is a "blue chip"?
17. There is one country which has no movie theatres. Which?
18. When was the "Quit India" call made?

## ANSWERS

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 10. Liver   | 3. Jupiter, which is 11 times bigger than the earth  |
| 11. Wheat   | 2. In 1985   |
| 12. Emperor Kanishka, to mark his succession to throne in 78 A.D. The calendar based on the Saka era is still vogue in India. | 4. Sir Edwin Lutyens.  |
| 13. Garibaldi   | 5. Amravati  |
| 14. Bihar   | 6. In Perambur, near Madras City   |
| 15. Kushi Nagar   | 7. The Volga   |
| 16. The 'share' of a well-established company with a steady growth.   | 8. Great Britain   |
| 17. Saudi Arabia  | 9. The Phoenix Farm near Durban, in South Africa.  |
| 18. August 8, 1942.   | It was established in 1904. Six years later, he founded a similar colony near Johannesburg. He called it Tolstoy Farm. |







## HOW TO BE CLEVER

**S**hivaraj was a leading merchant of Sivapuri. He had two sons—Kumar and Manohar. Kumar being the elder of the two received all affection from his parents. Manohar missed all that and even when he was a little boy, he had to fend for himself. Kumar would not do anything without consulting his father. He became incapable of doing anything independently. Whereas, Manohar learnt to be self-reliant and, he thus became efficient.

Their mother, Parvathi, watched them grow up, and how they were the opposite of each other. She was worried on that count, especially because she feared that the younger one might even leave their protection to stand on his own legs. Shivaraj sensed this doubt in his wife's mind. "Don't worry, Parvathi," he tried to console her. "Leave the boys to themselves. Manohar is quite capable and he'll look after himself."

Kumar and Manohar soon reached adulthood. Shivaraj initiated them into business and taught them the tricks of the trade. He was confident that his second son, Manohar, would turn out to be very clever and efficient. One day he called him and said, "Manohar, my son! You can now start an independent business. I shall help you with the initial investment. I suggest you go to nearby Tirupur where cotton is cultivated. You can enter cotton business. What do you say?"

"As you wish, father," said Manohar. "I shall try to set up something of my own."

"That's good," said Shivaraj. "There's something more I want to tell you. My partner Rangaraj has two daughters, Kamala and Vimala. The elder one is very intelligent. Vimala may not be as clever as her elder sister, but she's very affectionate and well-behaved. Let Kumar marry



Kamala and you take Vimala as your wife. What do you say about this proposal?"

Manohar took some time to give his reply. He gave it a serious thought and said, "I've seen Vimala once or twice and I feel she'll make a good wife. I'm agreeable to marrying her."

Parvathi heard of her sons' approval of their father's proposal. She was very happy and felt greatly relieved. What made her sad, however, was the prospect of Manohar going away to Tirupur to start his own business. She would have to part with her younger son.



The brothers' weddings took place in a grand manner. Shivaraj and Parvathi's joy knew no bounds. Before long, Shivaraj accompanied Manohar and his bride Vimala to Tirupur, where he fixed a house for them and opened a shop for Manohar. He returned to Sivapuri after a couple of days.

Before he left, Shivaraj asked his son, "Manohar, I've begun to feel tired, my son, and I think I should now take time off to rest for a few days. The weather here is quite fine; there's plenty of breeze. Shall we come and stay here for a few days? If you agree, I shall tell your mother and we both shall come and stay with you."

Manohar's eyes welled up. "You

shouldn't have asked that question, father. Whatever you see here is all yours. Thanks to you, we both are enjoying everything. You two can come here whenever you want to, and stay here as long as you wish to. Isn't it my duty to look after you in your old age?"

Shivaraj was moved by this affectionate and touching words of his son. On reaching home, he narrated his dialogue with his son. "Did you really tell him that you feel tired?" she asked of him with anxiety. "Is it true?"

"Why, don't you believe my words?" queried Shivaraj.

"Manohar may not need your help





in his business," said Parvathi. "But Kumar – without your help, he won't be able to carry on the business. He can't afford to be without you even for a single day. Why, you were now away in Tirupur only for a few days, and yet he suffered a loss in his business. There was none to guide him, and he complained this to me. So I don't think it would be advisable to leave him and go away to Tirupur."

Shivaraj listened to his wife's arguments. "All right, you do one thing. When Kumar is not around, tell his wife Kamala that we intend going away to Tirupur for a few days. Let's see how she reacts."

"I shall tell her that," said Parvathi, "but you can take it from me, she won't allow us to go away from Sivapuri."

Parvathi was confident where her own interests were concerned, though Shivaraj was not that sure.

Next day, Parvathi found an opportunity to speak to Kamala and went to her husband to report of what transpired between she and Kamala. Shivaraj found that her face had gone pale. "What happened?" asked Shivaraj. "What did Kamala say?"

Parvathi could not speak as she was almost in tears. She managed to



say this much in a halting manner. "She said, 'after all, both of them are your sons and they're the same to you, and you cannot discriminate one from the other. It's only proper that you went to Tirupur and stayed with him for some days.' I'm sure Kumar won't agree. Let me ask him as well."

"No, I shall tell him myself," said Shivaraj. "I shall see that he agrees. You take it for granted. We shall go to Tirupur within a fortnight."

The next day he confronted Kumar. "Your mother and I propose to go to Tirupur, to be with Manohar. I'm not certain when we'll get back. You must look after our business yourself. In



case there's any need, you may consult your father-in-law and take his advice. But remember this much; in business sometimes you may have to take an independent decision. You should not follow somebody else's opinion. Only then will you be able to succeed in business and life itself."

Till he left for Tirupur in the next few days, Shivaraj gave his son advice and suggestions. He and Parvathi then left for Tirupur, where they stayed for two months. Every now and then, they would get reports about Kumar. Shivaraj was glad that Kumar not only managed their business well but was prosperous.

One day he told Manohar, "Kumar

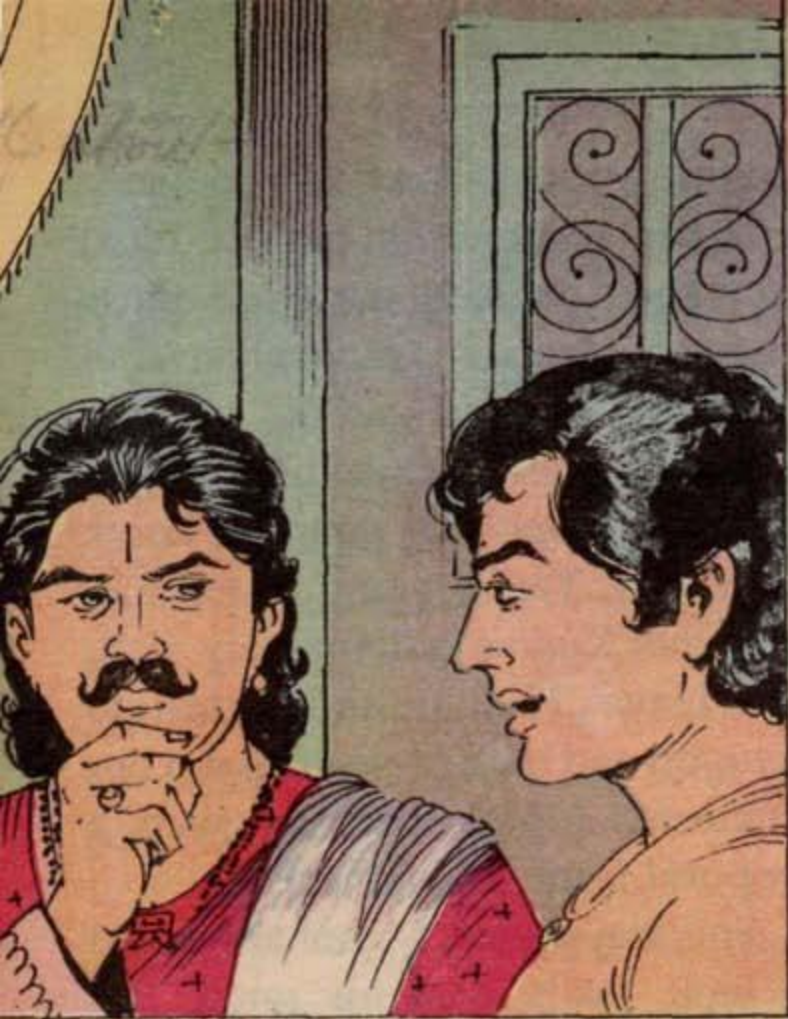
is doing well; I had my own doubts at first. But you had told me that I had even then planned out everything. Right now I've some more plans. Can you guess what they are?"

Manohar did not take time to give him an answer." Of course I know what it is. You're going to tell me, 'now that Kumar is doing very well, you leave Tirupur and return to Sivapuri and both of you can run our business.' I had foreseen such a proposal from you, father."

Shivaraj smiled. Manohar seemed to have really read his mind. But Parvathi was surprised. "What! Manohar will go back to Sivapuri? Then what'll happen to his business







here? You decided to come here to be of some help to him. And he's doing very well. Can we leave everything and return to Sivapuri?" She appeared to be rather agitated.

Shivaraj was calm and cool. "I shall answer all your questions, Parvathi, but not here, only after we go back to Sivapuri."

Parvathi kept quiet. She realised that if her husband had planned something he would carry it out also. In the next few days, they all returned to Sivapuri. Days passed. Shivaraj did not provide the answers to Parvathi's questions for some days. Then one day she reminded him. "You

never gave me the answers to my questions."

"Our two sons are the same to me, Parvathi," said Shivaraj. "Kumar was always dependent on others. I wanted to change that situation. That's why I suggested that he marry Kamala, who is cleverer and more intelligent than Vimala."

"Then Kamala could have given him all help," remarked Parvathi.

"I knew that if I am available here, he would only come to me for advice for everything," said Shivaraj. "Kamala had noticed that, and that's why she hesitated to give him any advice. But if I were to be away from here, Kumar might seek her help and she would also feel free to tender all advice. And Kumar would slowly become self-reliant and would not depend on outsiders. That's how Kamala reacted when we told her that we were proposing to leave Sivapuri. Manohar, on the other hand, had foreseen all that and had become independent right from the beginning. He can now help his brother in his business here and it will prosper more. And Manohar and Vimala need not also be parted from us. We can all live together."

Parvathi was satisfied, but she protested. "You never disclosed your







views and plans to me! And without telling me anything, you've achieved everything, you are cleverer than your sons! Anyway all's well that ends well!"

Shivaraj laughed heartily. "Now,

probably, you too would plan a lot of things without telling me, wouldn't you?"

Parvathi too laughed. "Do you really believe that I would do anything like that?"

**A man lives by believing something; not by debating and arguing about many things.**

**—Thomas Carlyle**

**The worth of a state in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it.**

**—John Stuart Mill**

**The art of progress is to preserve order amidst change and to preserve change amidst order.**

**—A.N. Whitehead**

**The best way to succeed in life is to act on the advice you give to others.**

**—Richter**





***Do plants really "sleep" at night? asks Raman Sharma of Meerut Cantonment.***

Yes, even plants do sleep. We human beings have to sleep because we get tired as we are physically and mentally active during the day and necessarily have to rest our body and mind, and recover our strength by the time we wake up in the morning. Whereas plants sleep, not because they are tired, but there is no sunlight at night. Sunlight is essential for them for their growth. Flowers open up or blossom when the sun is shining; when it sets, the petals close up to retain the heat the flower has acquired during the day.

***Malini Mittal of Bikaner wants to know where the butterflies disappear when it rains.***

The butterflies go and settle on the stems of flowers or stalks of grass. They hang their heads downwards and fold their wings over their backs. That is why they cannot be seen when it rains.

### FROM OUR READERS

All the articles merit attention. I am at a loss for words to accurately sum up your magazine. However, I am sure, like the thousands of other readers around the world, the only way to describe it is, it is wonderful from all angles. Is it possible to add Akbar-Birbal stories and the story of Chanakya?

*C. Bhaskar, Pallavaram, Madras*

I am a regular reader of *Chandamama* and read the Vikram-Vampire story with interest. But I don't understand why the king goes after the vampire every time. Please tell us why. At least once, please.

*Jove Barboza, Salcete-Goa*

We enjoy reading *Chandamama*, because it is not only entertaining and amusing but increases our G.K. and helps us refresh our minds.

*Roopali and Priyanka, Belgaum*

*Chandamama* is the only book which helps me know many things. There should be something about history—about kings and emperors like Alexander, Asoka, and Akbar.

*Purnendu Sar, Hira*



# **Mothers!** **You can eradicate** **Polio!**



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You may have already given oral drops to your child. But to ensure cent per cent immunity, you are advised to visit the nearest immunization centre on 9 December and 20 January to get all children under 3 years of age administered with polio drops.

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**Let us participate  
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# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



S.G. Shesagiri



S.G. Shesagiri

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? You may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by the 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for November '95 goes to :-

**A. Ananthanarayanan**

P-16/3 Type III

Lekha Nagar

Nashik - 422 009 (Maharashtra)

The winning entry : "EXCITEMENT", "ENJOYMENT"

## PICKS FROM THE WISE

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

—Oscar Wilde

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

—Gray

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.

—Horace





*For the emerging Indian woman*



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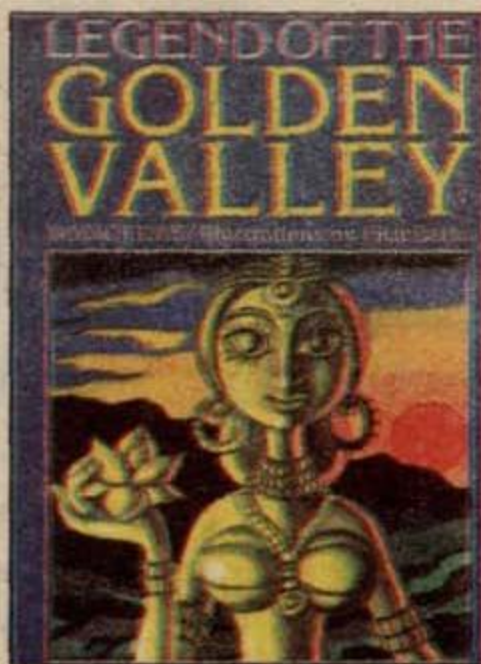
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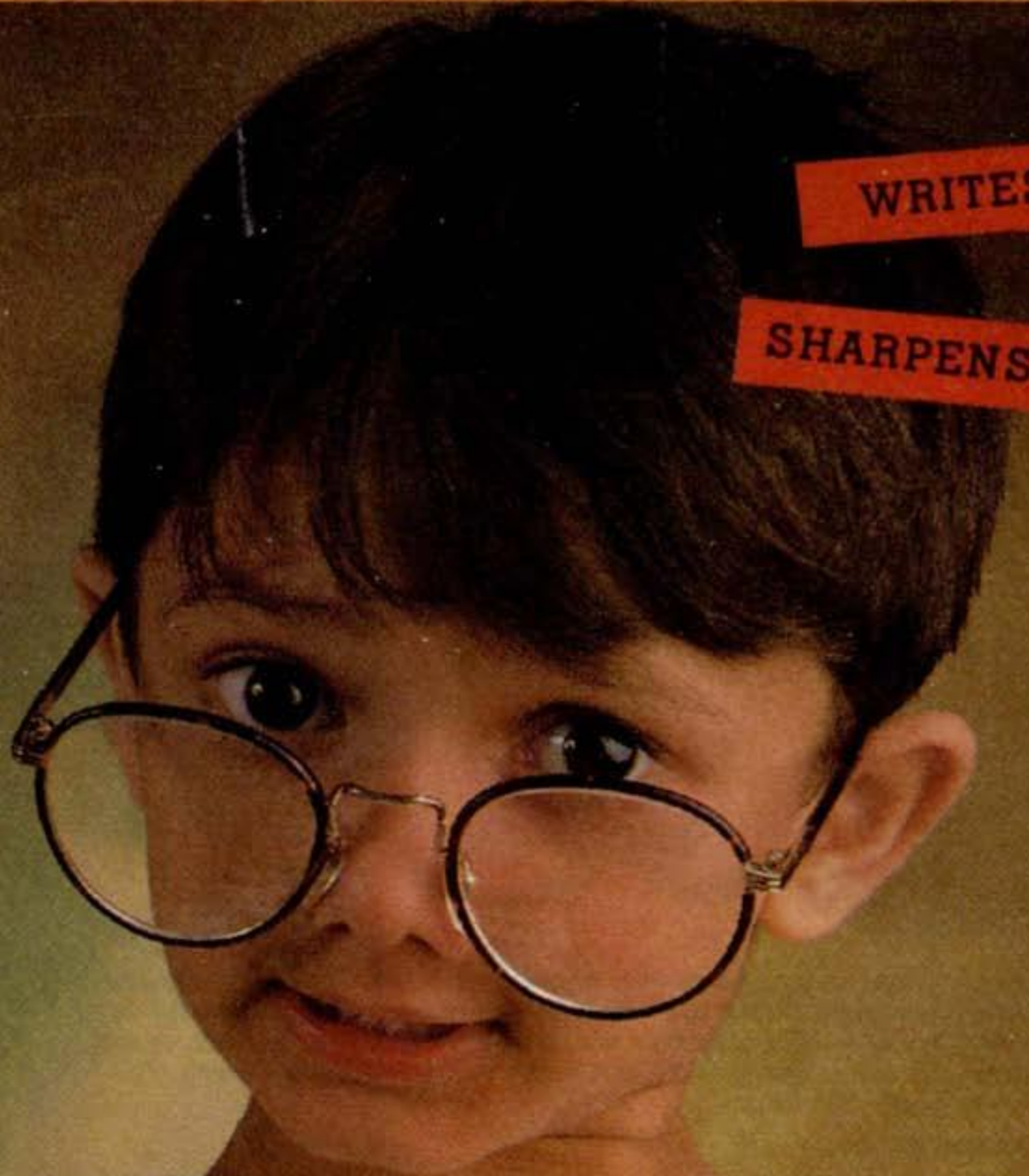


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